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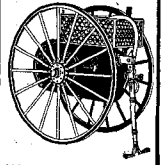
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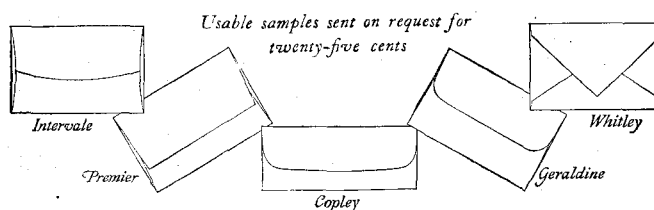
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The Outlook

MAY 14, 1919

THE GERMANS IN PARIS

IT is evident that Germany has made elaborate preparation for argumentative resistance now that military resistance is out of the question. The delegation housed, secluded, and protected by France in a dignified and proper manner at Versailles will in all probability have received the terms proposed by the Allies before this is read. At this writing the date set is Wednesday, May 7. The programme outlined by the correspondents indicates that the German delegates will have a fortnight in which to consider the document presented to them and to file their protests and objections. The hope is expressed in Paris that by June 1 a definite point will be reached in the negotiations. For reasons which do not seem quite clear, the German National Assembly has been transferred from Weimar to Berlin for the purpose of discussing the peace terms; probably it is considered that this course would be more impressive, and that any conclusion reached would bear greater weight if it came from the real center of German political power.

Characteristically, Germany has gone from her first extreme of offering to send mere messengers to Paris to the other extreme of building up an extensive and carefully planned body of recognized experts to represent her at Paris. An analysis of the composition of the delegation, published in the New York "Times," shows that instead of six delegates, with a staff of advisers and secretaries, Germany is represented by about forty men of standing, apart from the minor assistants. The list includes diplomatic, financial, and industrial authorities of all varieties. Thus, not only are experts in iron and coal, in agriculture, in trade, banking, and shipping to be found in the list; but there are also authorities in art, in literature, and even in theology, for a bishop and a theological professor are among the number. Count Brockdorff-Rantzau, who heads the delegation, is classed politically as an anti-Socialist, and is a diplomat of the old type who has always worked in sympathy with the German autocratic group, although he is called a Liberal Democrat. He has denied that he depends on inciting differences of opinion among the Allies; but he has certainly been one of those Germans who have shut their eyes to the knowledge of Germany's complete defeat. Dr. Maurice Egan, formerly our American Minister to Denmark, who knows Count Brockdorff-Rantzau well, says: "Rantzau is intellect personified,

and it will require not mere idealism but the most scrupulous knowledge of diplomatic tactics on the part of the Allies to deal with him."

Edward David, the second in authority in the German delegation, is a Majority Socialist, has had much experience in foreign affairs, and is said to insist that any treaty of peace should be submitted to the German people for ratification by vote—evidently one of the many ways in which Germany hopes to create delay and make possible a period of bargaining over the terms. Few people believe that Germany will reject absolutely or finally the terms offered, but there is every likelihood that she will attempt to drag her opponents into argument as to the consistency of the terms with the principles with which she alleges the Allies agreed to make those terms conform.

JAPAN GETS KIAOCHAU

Within a week after President Wilson had issued his declaration denying Italy's claims it was officially announced that the Council of Three of the Peace Conference had granted Japan's claims in the Shantung Province of China.

Japan's claims are based upon her military success in capturing the German colony at Kiaochau and upon a treaty by which it is understood Great Britain and France, as well as Italy and Russia, granted her this territory which she conquered. Japan's claims are also in part alleged to be confirmed by an agreement which she secured from China in 1915.

The territory in question is naturally of great commercial value, and it has been made more valuable by its development under German control. For many years Germany longed for a foothold in this part of China, and found her opportunity when two German missionaries were killed by some Chinese. As reparation for the death of these missionaries Germany demanded in 1897 and secured from China Kiaochau Bay and the port of T'ingtao, with a considerable amount of back country. She also secured commercial rights. In all this matter China was of course helpless. Consequently when the war broke out in 1914 Germany had a flourishing colony at Kiaochau and commercially controlled the Shantung Peninsula and much of the commerce of that part of China. Of course this German possession was not only an imposition upon China, but a menace to Japan. Japan was not willing to enter the war against Germany

without being assured that if she cleared the Pacific, including Kiaochau, of the Germans she would be permanently relieved of the German menace; and she naturally also wished to fall heir to any commercial advantage that the Germans had secured. So before entering the war she made a secret treaty with the Allies and also a treaty with China by which she was to have title to Kiaochau if she won it.

She did win it; and she therefore claimed it before the Peace Conference. When President Wilson announced that Fiume should not go to Italy because it was a Yugoslav port, and that the treaty giving Dalmatia to Italy ought not to be observed because it was a secret treaty, it was generally understood that Japan had very little chance of winning President Wilson's assent to her claims. The same arguments used by Mr. Wilson in Italy's case were applicable to the case of Japan. There was a rumor that if the Japanese claims were not allowed Japan would follow the course of Italy and withdraw from the Conference. On the last day of April, however, the decision of the Council of Three was published that all of the former German possessions were to go to Japan, but that Japanese troops were to be withdrawn as soon as possible. It was reported that Japan had given assurances that she would turn the territory over to China.

Against this decision the Chinese have made strong protest. They regard it as a high-handed procedure by which a group of nations hands Chinese territory over to another nation without any regard to Chinese rights. When it is said that the decision is in accordance with the treaty which Japan made with Great Britain and France, and that therefore Great Britain and France have no choice in the matter, the Chinese say in reply that that was a secret treaty and ought not to be observed any more than the treaty which handed Dalmatia over to Italy. When it is said that the Chinese themselves made an agreement with Japan to turn over Kiaochau to Japan, the Chinese reply that that was an agreement secured by duress and ought not to be sustained by a conference assembled to do justice.

On the other hand, it is said in defense of the President's acquiescence in this decision that, although his sympathies were with China and that his Fourteen Points sustain China, he had to decide against China, for if he had decided the other way Japan would have withdrawn

from the Conference; and with Italy out and Japan out, the League of Nations would have become nothing more than an alliance between England, France, and America, and would have faced the possibility of an opposing League or alliance consisting of Germany, Russia, Italy, and Japan. Of course such an argument can come only from those who have little faith in our allies and therefore small basis for faith in a League of Nations. It is pointed out, moreover, that whereas Italy was running a good deal of risk in withdrawing from the Conference alone, Japan would have run no such risk, for she was economically independent of the United States. So, it is said, practical considerations had to take precedence over theoretical principles.

THE ANALOGY BETWEEN JAPAN AND ITALY

There are many facts which make the cases of Italy and Japan in the Peace Conference analogous. Kiaochau was granted to Japan by a secret treaty; so was Dalmatia granted to Italy. Kiaochau was won by the sacrifice of Japan in the war; so was Dalmatia won by the sacrifice of Italy. The question of Kiaochau was a matter of dispute between two allies, Japan and China; so were Dalmatia and Fiume a matter of dispute between two allies, Italy and Yugoslavia. Kiaochau is a point of great importance to the military safety and commercial prosperity of Japan; while Dalmatia and Fiume are points of vital importance to the military safety and commercial prosperity of Italy. In the question of Kiaochau it has been alleged that there is involved a sort of Monroe Doctrine for Japan in the East; but there is equal ground for saying that in the case of Fiume and Dalmatia there is involved a sort of Monroe Doctrine for Italy in the Adriatic. It can be said that whatever differences there are in the analogy between the two cases are in favor of Italy. In the case of Kiaochau there is no bona-fide Japanese community involved; while in the Adriatic there are bona-fide Italian communities along the Dalmatian coast and at Fiume. There has been no report of a demand on the part of the inhabitants of Tientsin to become Japanese; while there has been issued from Fiume and from Zara (another city on the Adriatic) an announcement that the inhabitants desire to become Italian. Whatever need Japan has for the possession of Kiaochau for military defense is remote; while the military value of Dalmatia as a safeguard to Italy has been proved in this war. Whereas the dispute in the case of Kiaochau is between two nations whose loyalty to the Allies' cause is equally clear, in the case

of Fiume the Italian claims are disputed by a people who in part were hostile not only to Italy but to the whole cause of the Allies.

Yet of these two analogous cases, one was decided in favor of Japan, while the other was against Italy. Why? It is said by a correspondent defending the course of President Wilson that "circumstances sufficiently different make different treatment absolutely essential. Japan is in a strong enough position economically actually to carry out her threat to withdraw from both the League of Nations and the Peace Conference if she lost everything." The implication is that Italy is not strong. Why is Italy economically weak? Why is she dependent upon the United States for the food and raw material and financial aid? She is dependent because she has been exhausted by her long, continuous war against the common enemy. The result is that Japan, unweakened by war, wins her case; while Italy, weakened by fighting America's enemy, loses.

There are certain conclusions that an impartial observer might draw from these facts: first, that a League of Nations founded on the proposition that moral authority is a complete substitute for military force begins inauspiciously by yielding to a display of material strength; second, that hereafter Japan might be excused if she concluded that what really counts in international decisions is, after all, not a just cause, but a strong military or economic position; third, that China might well understand that her allies consider helplessness not an occasion for offering aid, but as an offense to be punished; fourth, that Italy might well understand the decision as a notification that she might have had a decision like that granted in Japan's favor if she had not weakened herself by fighting so devotedly for the cause of the Allies; and, fifth, that the United States, reversing the policy of speaking softly and carrying a big stick, had done much loud talking about principles but had yielded to the big stick in others' hands.

It is not likely, in the face of the decision in the Japanese case, that President Wilson's judgment against Italy will be finally adopted. Despatches state that the Italian Prime Minister is returning to the Peace Conference, and that a compromise has been reached. There are reports that Fiume is to be temporarily internationalized till the Yugoslavs erect terminal facilities at another port, and then will become Italian. If this proves to be the final verdict, it seems as if it might have been reached without all this trouble and animosity. Can it be possible that somebody in authority had to experience this crisis in order to learn that there were other harbors besides that at Fiume available for the Yugoslavs?

LOYAL RUSSIA

Only those forces in Russia which make for law and order and against terrorism and class tyranny are loyal to the true Russia. Most powerful among these forces is the All-Russian Government at Omsk, supported in the field by the army of Kolchak, now cordially aided by Denikine. If the Allies and the United States find it wise to recognize any government in Russia, it is that at Omsk, not that at Moscow, which deserves consideration. If Russia is to be fed by the Allies, it is wrong to waste time in trying to induce Lenine to stop violence and stop war; the way to feed Russia, as has been said, is "from the edges inward, not from Moscow outward."

Recent news has recorded notable successes of the anti-Bolshevist forces. Kolchak has advanced to the Volga River and is to have headquarters at Ekaterinburg, where the Czar is believed to have been murdered. His forces now control territory from the Pacific to the Urals containing, it is said, 70,000,000 people. The Omsk Government, one correspondent writes, is aided by representatives of the co-operative societies, the professional unions, the Constitutional Democratic party, Social Revolutionists, Social Democrats, and Cossacks. It is added: "Naturally there are many shades of political opinion in this body, but its members have announced themselves as definitely in accord on two points—in their support of Kolchak and in the proclamation barring out the Bolsheviki." In another direction the Bolsheviki are being hard pressed by the Finns, who have even been reported to be on the point of capturing Petrograd. In Northern Russia the Allies continue to repulse attacks.

An appeal to the Allies to recognize the Omsk Government has just been issued by an association of Russian army and navy officers in this country. It urges that with small exceptions the anti-Bolshevist forces in Russia are working with or under Kolchak, and that he has succeeded "in suppressing the Bolshevik movement throughout Siberia, in establishing law and order in the regions controlled by him, in regenerating the national spirit among the soldiers of the young and brave Siberian army, and finally in setting up a stable Government with strong administrative branches all through Siberia and in the Seven River region."

As to the political purposes of Kolchak, who has been charged with personal ambition to become dictator, this appeal declares:

Anarchy is a brutal force; anarchy can be combated by force only; under the prevailing conditions bayonets must precede electoral campaigns. Admiral

Kolehak has stated quite distinctly and on various occasions that he is going to lead the Russian people to the convocation of a National Assembly; he took an oath, and as a man of honor he will uphold it, that he would merely consider himself as a temporary ruler, and that he would lead the nation to the polls. . . . Anarchy must be crushed in order to give the people the opportunity to work out a national policy of their own and such a political status as would best fit their historical traditions and national aspirations.

It is for those who hate Bolshevism and all it implies to give their sympathy and support to every sound effort to unite the Russian people in a campaign for self-government rather than to deal with the Moscow gang as if they represented in any large or true sense the Russian people.

THE INVASION OF HUNGARY

Pressure from without as well as dissension within has caused the downfall of the Communist Government in Hungary headed by Bela Kun. Indeed, in the first days in May it was reported that King Ferdinand of Rumania was about to enter Budapest, Hungary's capital. Bela Kun's rule has never been firmly established, and the Red Army raised by his followers has been far from formidable. The threat of the Russian Bolsheviks to send forces to the aid of the Reds in Hungary, which included an ultimatum to Rumania demanding the evacuation of Bessarabia, has proved to be an absurd piece of boastfulness, and the fall of the Communist Government in Hungary is the best reply to the Bolshevik braggadocio.

However much one may approve of the downfall of the Reds in Hungary, the whole warlike episode is a reproach to weakness of purpose among the Great Powers. It was their duty, during the period between the signing of the armistice and the completion of peace terms with Germany and Austria, to see that peace was kept in Central Europe. It is not necessary to pass an opinion as to the justice of the claims of Rumania and of the Czechoslovaks. It was not for those countries to decide where the line of territorial demarkation between Hungary and neighboring countries should lie. That was the duty of the Powers, and if military action was necessary as against Hungary, it should have been taken by the Powers themselves. At one time the Council of the Allies in Paris positively forbade such action as the Rumanians and Czechoslovaks have taken in attacking Hungary, but their decree, for it was in that form, received little or no attention. At all events, hostilities ceased only when the Hungarians offered territorial concessions both to Rumania and the Czechoslovaks. If Hungary is to be dis-

membered or diminished in territory (and the misgovernment in that country certainly makes her deserve drastic terms), the decision should come, not through little wars waged by newly formed countries, but through a serious decision reached by the Powers really responsible for the peace of the future.

The incident illustrates, as does the Allies' attitude toward the Russian situation, the fact that there have been lacking at Paris the clear decision and vigor which should have been the controlling element during this intermediate period.

THE GALLANT SEVENTY-SEVENTH

New York City last week honored and welcomed its Seventy-seventh Division no less enthusiastically than it did before the equally famous Twenty-seventh (which in its make-up was more a State and less a city division than the Seventy-seventh) or its favorite "Irish Sixty-ninth," or than New England welcomed its gallant Twenty-sixth Division the other day. If the Twenty-seventh helped break the Hindenburg line, the Seventy-seventh cleared up the Argonne Forest and played its part bravely and victoriously in the great Argonne offensive—the one big offensive carried on by an all-American army on a large scale; in it over 600,000 American soldiers were engaged and some of the many divisions employed suffered the heaviest casualties of the war.

The Seventy-seventh, made up of selective service men, was surely a melting-pot division. One newspaper writer says of its men:

Eighteen months ago they were a conglomerate mob of tailors, scions of the colonial Dutch "square heads," college men, stevedores, subway diggers, millionaires, bankers, crap-shooters, stuss-players, and gunmen. To-day, surviving veterans of some of the fiercest battles of the greatest war in history, they are returning conscious of a clean fighting record that gives strength to their claims of glory.

Among the things for which the Seventy-seventh will always be remembered is the glorious incident of Lieutenant-Colonel Whittlesey's "Lost Battalion." General Alexander, the division commander, has declared that the battalion, although cut off and surrounded by the Germans, was neither "lost" nor "rescued," but that Lieutenant-Colonel Whittlesey, having been ordered to take a certain objective, took it, and advanced more rapidly than troops on his flanks and troops behind him.

This version adds rather than detracts from the heroism of the achievement, for it shows that there was no rash, reckless advance beyond orders or against orders—a serious military fault which in more

than one instance in this war resulted in tragic, purposeless loss of life.

Whatever their racial descent or social history—and every grade, high and low, was represented—these men were Americans through and through. Their valor and their patriotism were of the highest. They will take back to their homes the spirit of common American effort and sacrifice for the common safety and honor. And this influence may go far to counteract pernicious theories preached by anti-American Anarchists.

MAY DAY VIOLENCE

By a lamentable custom of agitators and "demonstrators," May Day, once devoted to outdoor rejoicing, has become the rallying-point of industrial warfare and anarchistic violence—and in some instances of anti-anarchistic but no less lawless violence.

Such rioting as took place on May 1 in Cleveland, New York, Paris, and elsewhere was not on a large scale, although lives were lost and injuries were numerous, but is deplorable because it indicates ignorant lack of faith in legitimate methods of presenting reasonable claims or political purposes. Charges of disloyalty and Bolshevism, on one side, and of brutality by police or mobs of discharged soldiers, on the other, intensify bad feeling.

The remedy in the future is in stronger and clearer laws defining or limiting the rights of public speaking and "demonstrating," and the rigid enforcement of law against any overt attempt to incite revolution or preach disloyalty. Terrorism may be advocated in Moscow, but it ought not to be conceivable in Paris or New York. Socialism is not to be brought about by street fighting, nor is it to be defeated by beating up even offensive agitators. If there are centers of objectionable agitation (as is alleged of the Rand School in New York), there must be law to deal with the pests, not angry mobs.

In line with this commonplace principle, Senator New proposes to reintroduce his bill forbidding the publishing or selling of books or papers which advise "the overthrow by force or violence or by physical injury to person or property or by general cessation of industry of the Government of the United States or of all government." Equally stringently the bill forbids the display of any flag or emblem intended "to symbolize a purpose to overthrow by force or violence or by physical injury to person or property, or by the general cessation of industry, the Government of the United States." This may or may not precisely meet the situation, but that some measures should be taken is proven by the perfectly senseless violence of last May Day.

The atrocious attempt to murder, by

deadly bombs sent through the mail, men who have been prominently identified with trying Anarchists or who are assumed to be anti-radical or capitalistic in their sympathies, also suggests the need of new legislation; for it is stated that bomb manufacture is more prevalent in America than elsewhere simply because our laws are lax as to the manufacture and sale of explosives. Only the quick intelligence of a post-office employee prevented a series of horrible murders, and while clues seemed at first to be abundant, the scoundrel who planned the crime remains, as we write, undetected. Whether the criminal was an anarchistic agitator or not, he certainly was moved by hatred against the exponents of law and order. The theory of the Reds that the crime was a "frame-up" by their enemies is baseless and silly.

STREET RAILWAY FARES.

Various cities throughout the country have been struggling with the question of street railway fares. The companies operating such railways have claimed that the standard fare of five cents is not sufficient to pay the wages and other costs of operation and maintenance, and bonded interest, to say nothing of dividends. In more than one instance the fares have been increased fifty per cent with the consent of municipal or other officials.

In The Outlook of April 30 Mr. Theodore H. Price published an article with a chart entitled "The Index Number Wage," which showed at a glance how the price of foodstuffs and other necessary commodities has risen during the last twenty years. At that time we said: "It is perfectly clear that the wages of employees must go up with the cost of living. It is equally a mathematical deduction that railway rates must go up also to meet this necessary rise in wages or else the railways will be bankrupt." This mathematical deduction is just as applicable to the street railways as it is to the steam railways. Either the street railways must be taken over by the various municipalities in which they run and must be operated as public utilities, the taxpayer bearing the deficits; or, if private management is desired, the private owners must receive sufficient return to warrant them in maintaining proper service.

There are a good many reasons for thinking that the public sentiment in this country favors private operation under some kind of fair governmental regulation of its steam railways. The same, we think, is true in most communities at present of street railways. The question is, What is fair regulation?

We have received a communication from a reader of The Outlook who for some years has had active experience in

the organization and reorganization of street railway companies, in which he endeavors briefly to outline a plan of municipal regulation of street railways. From that communication we quote the following passage:

If the street railway is to be looked upon as a servant of the people, and that is what it must be, then in order to be an efficient servant it must be operated and run by trained men who must look to the excellence of their work for a continuance of their jobs, and the road must earn enough to pay interest on what it is worth as a going concern, pay its wages, and maintain its property. This means a business, not a political organization.

Hostility between the street railway and the city served must cease in the interest of both.

This can be brought about by valuing the roads of to-day as going concerns—the city and the road in question each to name one firm of engineers, and these two to select a third, the city to pass such ordinances as will permit seven per cent to be earned upon the agreed upon valuation and on the new property added from time to time, through the imposition of such fares as will raise the necessary revenue; and in consideration of such action on the city's part to protect the property at its just value, any excess earnings to be divided between the corporation and the city, the city at its annual election to elect two directors, one an engineer and the other a certified accountant, to represent it on the Railway Board.

With the city then in partnership with the street railway, its records and accounts open at all times to the city through its accredited representative on the Board, the many fruitful grounds for misunderstanding will be abolished. The election of men for this specific purpose will prevent a shifting of responsibility from one city father to another, and men so elected can be held to a strict accountability. Both the railway officials and the city's officials will be only too anxious to stand well with the public, and the Public Service Commission will still exist as an umpire.

This kind of partnership between the city authorities and street railway experts is well worth consideration, and we commend it to those who are struggling with these problems.

DEMOCRATIC FACTORY MANAGEMENT

Many years ago The Outlook published a series of articles under the general title of "Industrial Democracy." It is our impression that the term "industrial democracy" was framed and first used in these columns. At all events, we employed it to express our belief that in the slow but steady process of social revolution in which man first struggled for and established religious democracy, then political democracy, then educational democracy, he is now seeking perfectly logically to obtain democracy in industry.

We have defined industrial democracy

as that system in which the hand-worker or employee shall have a voice in the management of the business and a participation in the profits. It is our conviction that only in this way can an efficient partnership between so-called labor and so-called capital be established. For laborers and capitalists are not enemies nor are their interests conflicting. They are really partners.

There have recently come to our attention three or four interesting instances in which there has been an earnest attempt made by corporations to give their workers a share in the profits and a representation in the management. This is due, we think, to the changes produced by the war in the economic theories of the world. We have asked Mr. Theodore H. Price, a valued contributor to The Outlook on economic and industrial problems, to give us an article on this subject. In preparing it he desires the co-operation of our readers and asks us to print the following letter, which we gladly do:

May 1, 1919.

To the Readers of The Outlook:

At the suggestion of the editors of The Outlook, I am planning to write an article upon "Profit Sharing and Democratic Factory Management." In this article I shall endeavor to include a comparative digest of the various profit-sharing plans that have been introduced in the conduct of many American industrial and commercial establishments.

That this digest may be inclusive and intelligent, I am taking this method of requesting that all those to whose eye this letter may come should send me in detail or in outline a description of any profit-sharing plan of which they may have knowledge as in actual operation.

I shall also appreciate any suggestions drawn from the experience or observation of my correspondents that will be helpful.

My address is 15 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.

THEODORE H. PRICE.

AMERICAN SOLDIERS AND FRENCH UNIVERSITIES

It has long been a dream of the writer of this paragraph—probably never to be realized, alas!—that it would be delightful to spend a winter in the old French university town of Montpellier. Montpellier lies practically on the Mediterranean near Marseilles, and is the seat of one of the oldest and perhaps it may also be said one of the most old-fashioned universities in France. It has a special place in academic history because one of the great classical scholars of the Renaissance period, Isaac Casaubon, lectured there.

What could be more pleasant for an American who hates the cold and who loves the sunshine of the Mediterranean than to spend a winter at Montpellier, straightening out and polishing up his

CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Rogers in the New York Herald



"DON'T SHOOT, I'LL COME DOWN!"
THE MAN WHO TANGLED THE WIRES

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle



"ARE VE DOWNHEARTED? NEIN!"
A GLEAM OF HOPE FOR FRITZ

From the World (London)



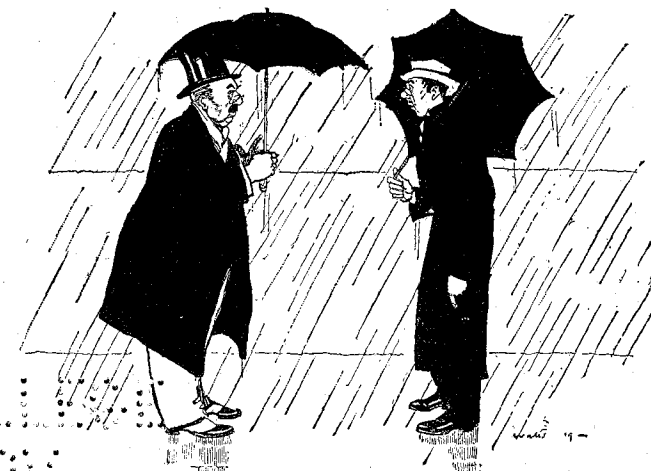
THE LEVITE
A NEW RÔLE FOR THE SCHOLAR IN POLITICS

Braakensiek in De Amsterdammer (Amsterdam, Holland)



Germania: "If you don't make haste, I will cast the brand [Bolshevism] into my own house!"

Watts in London Opinion



"Good morning, Brown; fearful weather, isn't it—not fit for a dog to be out in."
"That's what my wife said when she sent me out to look for Fido."

French by taking a course of lectures, *extra curriculum*, on, let us say, the life and work of Casaubon himself, provided some member of the faculty could be persuaded to give such a course of lectures.

All these reflections are prompted by some facts which have just been furnished to us through the courtesy of Mr. Marcel Knecht, of the Official Bureau of French Information in New York City, regarding the registration of American soldiers of the A. E. F. in French universities. Mr. André Tardieu, formerly French High Commissioner to the United States, devised a plan last autumn by which these soldiers, most of them college men whom the war seized from their studies, have been distributed among the French universities. The purpose of the plan is to give American soldiers an opportunity to spend time that is not needed for military duties in taking special courses in continuation of their academic careers. The amazing number of 5,800 soldiers have been availing themselves of this opportunity. Fourteen universities in various towns throughout the French Republic are participating in the plan. Seventeen hundred American soldiers are registered, for example, at the Sorbonne in Paris, and eleven hundred are registered, or were on the last of March, at the University of Toulouse in southern France. The next largest number, five hundred and fifty, were at Montpellier. The balance of these American students were distributed at the Universities of Rennes, Caen, Nancy, Poitiers, Dijon, Besançon, Grenoble, Aix-Marseille, Bordeaux, Clermont-Ferrand, and Lyon. American professors who are doing special war service in France have been taken into the work and are acting in the capacity of what might perhaps be called university *liaison* officers. There could be no better scheme devised to develop and maintain the relations of understanding and friendship between the two Republics.

England is also opening her universities to American soldier students. An early issue of *The Outlook* will contain an article by Dr. Shipley, of Christ's College, Cambridge, giving some impressions of the American Army men now studying at this ancient and beautiful British seat of learning.

THE INTERCHURCH WORLD MOVEMENT

"America has moved out of its old isolation into the realm of world affairs. The programme of the Church must match the policy of the Nation if the Church is to continue as a world force."

This, in substance, is what the Interchurch World Movement, which was the subject of a great Conference held in Cleveland on April 30 to May 2, stands for.

Perhaps its spirit can best be described

by certain extracts from the speech of the Chairman of the gathering, Dr. S. Earl Taylor. It was in that speech that he used the words which we quote as the characterization of the movement. He cited the remarks of General Byng, the famous commander of the Canadians at Vimy and of the British Third Army at Cambrai, when he said to Bishop McConnell: "I trust that you will go back to your own country and go to your own people, and in every way that you can urge upon them that in the days, the terrible days ahead of us, the days after the war, the Church shall fail not." And Dr. Taylor asked, "What has made democracy safe in America?" And he answered, "The Christian home, the open Bible, the free church. In a word, the foundations of intelligence and morality laid deep by our Pilgrim and Puritan forefathers."

And he went on to show by words and by pictures on the screen that invariably at the bottom of every peril that is threatening the world to-day is the lack of that foundation of morality, and to show also that the places of stability, of contentment, of peace, and of strength are places where moral principle and education, and, underneath all, religious faith, prevail. And he put before his audience facts showing that investments in schools and churches are really investments in security. "Beyond all question the Church of Christ is incomparably the most powerful organization that we know anything about in the world. And yet a fair study of its latent resources and unused power would probably compel us to conclude that of all the great organizations in the world the Church is developed to the smallest percentage of its capacity." He declared that interest charges on the cost of the World War at four per cent for one hour exceeded the total gifts from America for foreign missions for the year 1918.

The Interchurch World Movement is an attempt to bring the Protestant Churches, that is, the twenty-five million people who make up the Protestant Churches of America, into action somewhat more in proportion than at present to their power and resources. It is an effort to enable America, the only Western Nation that has not sacrificed virtually a whole generation of its youth in war, to see that the democracy which the war has saved is itself saved from becoming merely materialistic or destructive or anarchic by being made a moral, a religious, a Christian democracy.

To this end, the Conference at Cleveland assembled nearly five hundred delegates, representing twenty-eight denominations. Most of these delegates were officers or members of various missionary boards, a number of them were college presidents and professors, others repre-

sented interdenominational organizations, and others were editors and clergymen.

It was decided to make surveys to show what is being done and what is not being done in home and foreign missions, education, religious training, and social service. When the surveys are ready, then a co-operative community and world programme will be outlined and put into operation. The purpose is to have in all communities joint "drives" like those for the Liberty Loans or the Red Cross, but in this case for the common use of the Protestant churches. The first purpose is to increase the constituency of the churches—to double it. It is somewhat staggering, certainly it is a bold conception, but its boldness has won to the movement many of the strongest leaders.

There was a frank facing of the fact that in all this the Churches would have to place themselves in accord with the spirit of democracy, and especially in contact with industrial questions and with the life of people who work with their hands. A keen edge to the discussion of this aspect of the problem before the Churches was given by the fact that on Thursday, in front of the hotel occupied by the Convention, there was a Socialist demonstration and rioting. It is true that the participants in the riot were overwhelmingly foreign-born; but the red flags and the disorder and the injuries constituted a picture of what the Church has to face in the world to-day.

The official leaders of the Interchurch Movement, chosen by the general committee at this session, are: Chairman, F. W. Ayer, of New York, leader of the Baptist Layman's Movement; vice-chairman, Fred B. Smith, of New York, widely known as a Y. M. C. A. leader, and promoter of the Men and Religion Movement; recording secretary, W. B. Millar, New York, secretary Layman's Missionary Movement; executive secretary, S. Earl Taylor, New York, secretary Methodist Episcopal Board of Foreign Missions; treasurer, George M. Fowles, New York; and John R. Mott, of New York, chairman of the executive committee. These officials, with the co-operation of "key men" in the various interested denominations, will develop the plans to be perfected at a great gathering which is to be held next fall.

THE RED CROSS OF THE FUTURE

The large extension of the field of Red Cross activities, already proposed and to some extent put in operation in this country by the American Red Cross, is to be taken up on a world-wide scale and purpose by a Red Cross Congress to convene at Geneva thirty days after peace has been declared. This International

Congress at Geneva will be the most momentous meeting in the history of the Red Cross movement. Already a preliminary meeting of experts on such subjects as child welfare, tuberculosis, hygiene, and all the large aspects of public health, has been in session at Cannes, with a view to prepare for the Geneva conference an extended programme of desirable new Red Cross activities in the interests of humanity.

The resolution adopted by these distinguished physicians and scientists of England, France, Japan, Italy, and the United States defines the purpose of the movement to be "to spread the light of science and the warmth of human sympathy into every corner of the world."

Heretofore the field of the Red Cross has been to alleviate the suffering caused by war or by some terrible calamity. But the efficiency of the association and the liberality with which the people answer its calls for support have made it evident that it has a wider mission than this. Hereafter, as the resolution adopted at the Cannes meeting declared, "while every measure should be taken to repair the ravages of war and to prevent all wars, it is no less important that the world should address itself to the prevention and amelioration of those ever-present tragedies of unnecessary sickness and death which occur in the homes of all peoples."

There can be no doubt that this movement will have the support of the peoples of the world in creating a vast organization, thoroughly equipped, to promote human betterment in a systematic and co-ordinated manner. The particular purposes laid down by the experts at the Cannes conference are the development of sound measures for public health and sanitation, the welfare of children and mothers, the education and training of nurses, the control of tuberculosis, venereal diseases, malaria, and other infectious and preventable diseases.

The call issued by the International Committee of the Red Cross Societies of the world rightly declares that the new programme is exactly in keeping with the high ideals which led to the formation of the Red Cross half a century ago. It is certainly true, to quote the words of the Committee, that "if it was possible half a century ago to bring nations to an understanding, not to abolish war, but to alleviate in some measure the suffering which follows in its wake, surely such an understanding would be more beneficent, even more glorious, when it leads the nations to work in concert under the impulse of mutual confidence and common charity to remedy certain ills which are visited upon the human society, or to bring aid to one of the nations stricken by sudden catastrophe."

FOR WORKING GIRLS

Twenty-eight years ago The Outlook first called the attention of its readers to the value and quality of the help rendered sick and tired girls by the Working Girls' Vacation Society of New York. Our readers responded then with liberality. From time to time since similar appeals have shown that the cause was remembered. Now a special condition encourages the hope that the pleasant co-operation of the past may be renewed.

In common with other philanthropies, the Working Girls' Vacation Society has felt seriously the financial conditions caused by the war. It is now facing a serious problem.

In addition to its regular vacation work at their houses in New York, Connecticut, and New Jersey, the Society has for twenty-five years conducted two houses at Santa Clara, in the Adirondacks, for the care of working girls who have tuberculosis in the incipient and curable state. These houses are necessarily run at special expense, as the girls must have the most nourishing food and live under the best conditions in order that they may be sufficiently benefited to return to their work at the end of the period of rest and recreation. As the nearest physician lives ten miles from the little hamlet of Santa Clara, it is necessary to have a resident doctor in case of a sudden illness. The house is not called a hospital or a sanitarium, but is simply a Vacation House where girls are sufficiently renewed in health to be able to continue work on their return to the city.

In many instances the girls must return to Santa Clara for a number of summers before the tendency to consumption is entirely conquered. It often happens that the girls who go to the examining physician in New York have no idea that they are threatened with tuberculosis. They are languid and ill, and when they are told the nature of their trouble they are naturally frightened at first, but later are very grateful that the disease has been taken in time.

The two houses in the Adirondacks—Uplands and Hillcrest—were given to the Society by Mr. George E. Dodge. They are very perfectly equipped for the work and accommodate fifty-seven girls at a time. Now, because of the increased cost of everything—food, transportation, wages—as well as a decrease in income because of the demands made by the war, the Society will be obliged to close one of these two houses this coming summer unless it can raise the \$4,000 necessary for its support.

We ask those to whom this intensive effort to make working girls well and strong and give them a healthful and happy vacation appeals to write to the

Secretary, Mrs. William Herbert (United Charities Building, New York), for the extremely interesting thirty-third annual report of the Working Girls' Vacation Society or to send contributions directly to the same address.

A SOUTHERN PHILANTHROPIST ON THE RACE QUESTION

We have received a pamphlet read at a meeting last March in Boston by Mr. Bolton Smith, of Memphis, Tennessee, which we wish might have a wide circulation. Coming from a man born in the North but long resident in the South, who is in sympathy with the intelligent Southern view of the race question, it presents by the principles it inculcates and the spirit it manifests a basis for a real agreement in both thought and feeling between the North and the South. The Northern and Southern positions are not antagonistic; they are not necessarily divergent. There is no incongruity between the Northern demand for justice to the Negro and the Southern demand for the preservation of the purity of the white race. We agree with Mr. Smith in his statement: "I believe these are the two sides of one and the same shield—the blood of the race must be kept pure, but so must its ideals—the former without the latter is like the body without the soul."

He urges that the children of the Negro and the white races be educated in separate schools, but he also urges that the schools be as good for the one race as for the other. He cites as an illustration the public schools in Cincinnati. There is no separate school law in Ohio, and Negro children have the right to attend the public schools attended by white children. "There is, however, a school in a densely colored portion of Cincinnati which I am informed is attended by Negro children only. It is stated that the average marks of these colored children for scholarship are higher than those earned by the colored children attending the schools also attended by white children. Besides, it is found that a larger proportion remain in school through the higher classes than is the case with the other colored children." The secret of this fact may, however, well be that "the school to which I refer in Cincinnati has just as much money spent on it as the other schools of the city."

He denies that the education of the Negro race will have any tendency to develop in that race a desire for social equality with the whites. The fact that a white man who should discover that he had Negro blood would wish to keep the secret and continue to associate with white people does not prove that a Negro

who has never thought of himself as anything else would be otherwise than uncomfortable if he were called on to associate intimately with white people. Mr. Smith gives this illustration:

When told of the valor of the British and the French, Americans do not feel the poorer. Rather do we feel the richer that we live in a world in which there is so much courage. These stories of the valor of our allies do not dim in the least the luster of the deeds of our own boys.

In the same way I feel the fame of my race to be safe and that I am the richer whenever I learn of some worthy accomplishment of a Negro. It is as if the Power that brought me here had said: "If this wonderful thing of life which you share can strike a spark from even this humble breast, how much more may you not attain to!"

The author is equally insistent on justice to the Negro and in his hostility to lynching. Lynching does not stop crime, and "what we want is to prevent crime rather than to have to punish it." As one means of preventing it he would establish colonies for the feeble-minded; and as another he would make provision for young Negro children so that they could be cared for during the day and taught simple work and play and trained as useful members of society. "It would be even cheaper in the long run than spending so much on criminal court and penitentiary." Above all, he would secure justice under the law for the Negro. "Every lynching makes even the good Negro feel less safe in his person and property."

AIRPLANE AMBULANCES

We have received, through the courtesy of Dr. C. L. Gibson, of New York City, an account of the successful employment of an airplane as a war ambulance in the desert of Morocco. The account comes from Dr. Tuffier, a friend of Dr. Gibson's, who not only holds a place of eminence in French surgery, but has been Chief Consultant to the French armies. Dr. Tuffier's account is especially interesting because it is not a prophecy of what aviators dream of doing in the future, but a scientific narrative of what they have already actually accomplished.

Dr. Tuffier was called from France to Morocco to see a general who had been badly wounded by a shell fragment which had entered the left side of the chest and had become lodged behind the heart. This officer had been wounded at a place one hundred and seventy miles from any railway. He had been carried to the rear from the line of fighting, fifteen miles, on a litter. Two army surgeons were detailed to go to him by airplane. One started from Fez, one hundred and eighty miles away, and reached the wounded officer in

three hours and ten minutes, after having crossed the Atlas Mountains at an altitude of about thirteen thousand feet. The other surgeon flew from another point sixty miles away and arrived at the same time. The station where the wounded general lay was far too primitive for a serious operation, being isolated in the desert, without any instruments or apparatus. The general's condition being very grave, he was brought back by bombing airplane to a hospital station, a distance of about forty miles, escorted by the two surgeons. Although the patient was in a very grave condition, an operation was performed, and all the immediate symptoms were successfully relieved.

This is not the only instance of the airplane being used for the transportation of wounded. It was found, so Dr. Tuffier reports, that men suffering from the gravest lesions, such as fractures of the thigh, could be easily transported forty miles in three-quarters of an hour, flying over the enemy lines. In September, 1918, fifteen wounded men were brought back from the front in Morocco by ordinary airplane, covering a distance of sixty miles in less than seventy minutes. Before the war came to an end the French had mapped out in southern Algeria and in Tunis actual airplane routes for the evacuation of the wounded and the transportation of surgeons. One of these routes reaches a point over three hundred miles from any railway. To transport wounded men over this route by camel or mule would require twenty-six days. French pilots have made this trip in airplanes comfortably in one day. The advantages of airplane evacuation of the wounded, says Dr. Tuffier, are not only the rapidity but the possibility of penetrating to stations which are for the most part surrounded by the enemy.

He prophesies that special airplane ambulances will be built with proper accommodations and entrances for the wounded, especially for grave cases of injury to the head, chest, and abdomen. We suppose that the great extent of level area in the desert would make landing, forced or voluntary, more simple than in an ordinary hilly and mountainous country. Dr. Tuffier points out one obstacle to aviation in the Sahara Desert—that is the temperature, with the resulting atmospheric disturbances, which make it necessary for the pilot to keep five or six thousand feet in the air in the summer. The greatest drawback is the sirocco, that dry, hot wind of the desert which raises clouds of dust and makes landing so dangerous that flying is impossible about one day out of every four in the hot periods. Notwithstanding these drawbacks this airplane ambulance service is an accomplished fact.

CHINA AND JAPAN AT THE PEACE TABLE

OF all the complex problems which are being dealt with at Paris few are as delicate or important as those which concern the east coast of Asia. All the world knows of the complaints of China against Japan and her demands that Tsingtao be returned to her. All the world knows also of Japan's claims to the disputed territory and her protest against any impairment of formal treaty rights.

The sympathy of Americans, in so far as it finds expression through the press, seems to be preponderantly with China. The deep-seated suspicion of Japan which has developed in the past twelve or thirteen years has prejudiced many Americans against her, and has led them to believe that Japan is never to be trusted, least of all when she is dealing with China. Americans in China are overwhelmingly and bitterly anti-Japanese. Business men there see in Nipponese activities the closing of the open door and the stifling of legitimate competition; missionaries there have been antagonized by the Japanese exploitation of the great inchoate republic, notably in such unfortunate ways as the illicit morphine and opium traffic. Only occasionally is a voice raised publicly in defense of the island Empire. Americans have, too, a traditional sympathy with the under dog which at times approaches the quixotic, and China's helplessness and almost pathetic trust in the good intentions of the United States have been both touching and flattering.

Suspensions of Japanese activities in China are, moreover, not without some foundation. Japan holds Manchuria more tightly in her grip than in 1914. And now, since expelling the Germans, Japan has hastened to establish herself as firmly as possible in Tsingtao. If the Japanese succeed in retaining their present hold, the province and peninsula of Shantung, to which the port of Tsingtao, together with Kiaochau, is the key, may be as firmly gripped as Manchuria. With these two sections in their hands the Japanese would have North China at their mercy; and in view of their claims in Fukien and their expanding influence in the Yangtze Valley, the Japanese would seem to be moving toward dominance in the south. To peoples who have been passing through an inferno of struggle in resisting German aggression it is natural that Japanese policies in China should seem dangerous to the peace of the world and contrary to ideas of justice and liberty. The fact that the Chinese have borrowed recklessly of Japan during the past year or two, and have pledged as security important taxes and mining, railway, and timber rights, and thus have to some extent placed themselves under Japanese control, does

not make it any the less necessary to the future peace of the world that China should have a chance to work out her own salvation and that the Chinese liberals should be given all possible aid in making China a progressive and peaceful democracy.

Japan, however, should not be lightly condemned nor should her legitimate claims to industrial and commercial expansion be ignored. The situation which confronts her is not an enviable one. A rapidly growing population on islands where arable lands are limited, coal deposits are poor, and iron ore is almost non-existent presents a problem which may well give sober statesmen sleepless nights. Add to this the prejudice which closes against this people most of the unoccupied sections of the world and which is jealous of the one remaining open door—that to the neighboring continent—and the nation's plight becomes little short of desperate. The very life of Japan depends upon her ability to maintain free access to the raw materials and markets of China and the east of Asia. Her future is linked up inseparably with that of her huge neighbor, and it is simply common justice to see that no artificial obstacles shall be erected between her and the mainland.

There are, however, two ways in which Japan's interests on the continent can be secured: political domination and peaceful commercial penetration. The first of these would lead her to continue in the road which she is now traveling. It would aim at a more or less complete control of Chinese finances, both public and private, exclusive concessions for the building of railways, the development of mines, and the erection of factories. It would be accompanied by preferential tariff rates, the control of the customs service, the predominance of Japanese "advisers," the mastery of important industrial and commercial concerns, and the direction of the army and navy. This programme is that of many Japanese, for they learned their diplomacy from the predatory policies of certain European governments in the last half of the nineteenth century. Japan's ancient feudal system prepared her for bureaucratic militarism. Japan's military class can count on the support of a large body of unintelligent but intensely chauvinistic public opinion.

This policy of ruthless domination would, however, mean sorrow for China, turmoil for the world, and ultimate disaster for Japan. It would stamp out the fine beginnings of democratic life which are even now apparent in the new Republic, and by example and necessity would force upon her a military organization. The Western world would scarcely be content to stand by and watch the absorption and exclusive exploitation of a fourth of the human race. Japan would in time

have to face the bitter animosity of the Chinese and the armed opposition of much of Christendom. In that case, her one hope of avoiding utter defeat and permanent ruin would be dissensions among Occidental Powers.

Japan's other hope of growth is the peaceful commercial penetration of eastern Asia. In this she has many natural advantages. Geographical proximity and kinship in culture give her an opportunity which far surpasses that of Occidental nations. Could she be sure that China would be friendly, that China would have a stable government, an expanding industry, and would be free from Western domination, she could also be sure of the lion's share of the commerce of that country and of business relations which would redound to the benefit of both peoples. This would be the ideal, for it would be based upon friendship and geographical proximity, and would release Japan from the crushing load of a big army and navy. This is the course which many of her statesmen have avowed a desire to pursue. It probably represents in the main the programme of the soberer and more peaceful elements of the nation, and it is certainly the road which the nation must follow if it is to avoid the fate of Germany.

If, however, this, and not the road of force, is to be traveled, a number of things must be done, some of them by Japan, some by China, and some by the rest of the world.

In the first place, the Japanese must win the confidence and friendship of the Chinese. That they have not succeeded in doing. They have so far been confronted by the almost unanimous distrust and hate of their neighbors—an attitude which augurs ill for the future. Some sort of radical change must be wrought in Japan's foreign policy, one which will carry much further the attitude of conciliation represented in the withdrawal of the fifth group of demands in 1915. A necessary preliminary step would seem to be the voluntary return of Tsingtao to China, the cancellation of part or all of the concessions wrung from her in 1915, the strict repression of Japanese purveyors of morphine and all other predatory traders, and a hearty willingness to co-operate with the Powers in any joint attempt to rehabilitate China.

In the second place, China must establish as soon as possible a stable government which will insure her ability to maintain her independence against foreign aggression and her steady industrial and commercial progress. This many of her younger and abler leaders seem inclined to do, and if given time and wise assistance they will probably succeed.

In the third place, the Powers must as rapidly as possible give up their spheres

of influence and their special territorial, financial, and railway concessions. They must substitute for rivalry international co-operation and assistance to China until the progressive and more stable elements of that nation can get on their feet. With the enforced withdrawal of Germany and the collapse of Russia, this ought not to be the impossible task that it seemed six years ago. The proposal, made in several quarters, for an international financial group to provide and supervise the administration of such loans as China needs would seem to be very timely. This would simply be an expansion of the Knox idea of internationalizing the Manchurian railways and of the five-Power syndicate of 1912. Such an international body could supply China with what funds she needs, prevent special sinister interests and spheres of influence from developing, and provide the supervision and pressure which may be necessary to assist the better elements of the great Republic. The plan could not be realized without some friction, and it would necessitate the faithful adherence by the Powers to a self-denying ordinance. It would, moreover, be extremely distasteful to many patriotic Chinese, but it would be better than continued anarchy and possible partition.

In the achievement of such a constructive programme the United States must take a large part. She is the best source of the capital which China needs, and she has the confidence of the Chinese and a record for unselfish dealing which is, with a few exceptions, enviable. She has stood sponsor for the open-door policy and for most of the proposals for insuring China the opportunity to work out her own salvation. Through schools, churches, and hospitals American missionaries are helping to prepare leaders and pave the way for a more wholesome democratic national life.

If we are to play the part to which our past history and our present opportunities call us, however, we must be careful that there is no ground justly to suspect us of desiring what we profess the wish to keep others from doing. We must be sure that we ask for no special concessions in China and that special interests do not lead us to become simply another of the groups that are jockeying for advantage. Our merchants and investors have the right to some sort of assistance, but it should be only that which is directed to assuring for all Powers the advantages which we seek for ourselves. We must, finally, be patient and forbearing in our relations with Japan. We must appreciate to the full the situation in which that plucky nation finds herself, and, while we should countenance no acts of aggression, we must seek to understand her, to be free from the faults of which we accuse her, and by firmness, moderation, courtesy, and fair dealing help to insure conditions which will make

possible the victory of her moderates and liberals.

A FRIEND OF THE BOYS

ABOUT a year ago The Outlook published three true stories of boy life, written, as we said at the time, by "a man who really cares," one who "knows the boy mind, the boy heart, and the boy language." This man was Arthur D. Chandler, whose death took place on April 19 last. The stories were the outcome of a friendly, unconventional effort to help boys to shake off the effect of wrong surroundings and the lack of an opportunity to live a wholesome, normal life. The idea was exactly in line with Arthur Chandler's character and personality. He combined the practical and the ideal in all he did and said. There was no particle of cant in him, no trace of the professional reformer. As a young man, he was an athlete, he always loved outdoors and outdoor sport, he talked unstilted, plain English with a dash of slang, he instinctively knew how boys felt and how they could be approached. When as a result of local school board work he became a trustee of the Jamesburg Home for Boys, an opportunity opened to him to humanize the relations between the officials and the boys. Like Judge Lindsey in Denver he found that the way to improve delinquent boys was to trust them. One who knew what he accomplished says rightly that this was "work requiring great delicacy in handling, keen insight, common sense, and human sympathy."

Mr. Chandler soon became impressed with the belief that between the period of detention and the return of the boy to ordinary life there should be a "clearing-house" for boys who were in danger because they had no homes. His farm for boys at Allaire, in New Jersey, was the outcome of this thought. The stories published under the head "Boy Culture and Agriculture" showed convincingly how easily and thoroughly the boys responded to the effort. In a letter about Arthur Chandler written by Mr. C. G. Kidder to the New York "Evening Post" since his death Mr. Kidder says: "Only the other day two of these lads just released from military service, homeless, made straight for the 'farm.' Arriving, they found the master absent, in his last illness, and the farm closed. The boys sat down upon a fence-rail and cried."

Arthur Chandler had a long and useful business career; as advertising and business manager of The Outlook twenty-five years ago, in an important position with Harper & Brothers for many years, and in other work with periodicals and publishing houses he built up a high reputation for efficiency and integrity. But we

venture to say that he took more pleasure in his attempt "to make rightness tempting and interesting" to boys, as he phrased it, and more pride in seeing them become, one after another, "self-respecting, self-supporting, useful men and good citizens instead of dangerous crooks," than in anything else he did in his active and energetic career.

AMERICA'S FOREIGN TRADE

A MEMBER of the staff of The Outlook in Paris not many weeks ago encountered by chance in a restaurant a fellow-American, a business man, representing manufacturers of farm machinery. This is the story told to this casual acquaintance. Like many other Americans engaged in commerce, the American business man was something of an idealist. He felt that it was America's duty to help put France upon her feet. He saw that France had been fighting America's battles for months before America took her own part, and now that the war had been won, leaving France terribly shattered and America more vigorous than ever, there was a moral obligation on the part of American business men to see France resuscitated. For his part, he wanted to see what he could do to start up French agriculture. There is a great deal of American farm machinery in France; a great deal of it is useless because parts are missing or broken. So this man undertook to bring over to France these missing parts so that the farmers could use their machinery again to start making crops. The money in it for his concern was very little. Indeed, there was no intention to make any profit on the transaction. But when this man undertook to bring these missing parts into France he encountered obstacles. He could not get an import permit. The reason given was twofold: first, the French Government was looking to the rehabilitation of French industry as well as French agriculture, and therefore wanted agricultural machinery to be made in France; second, the French Government wanted to prevent any further increase of the so-called balance of trade against her, and therefore wished to discourage imports until France could get ready to export goods in exchange.

In that incident are involved some of the most vital factors in the problem of America's foreign trade following the war. There is that factor of American idealism which is quite as powerful an incentive as desire for profit. There is, too, the factor of French thrift, which is not purely French by any means, and which at times is penny wise, pound foolish. There is the factor of a world finance that is out of

balance. There is the factor of America's economic strength as at once a resource from which other countries can draw, and a danger to the economic independence of those same countries. And there is, finally, the ever-present and unfailing factor of the human element.

The presence of these varying factors makes the problem of America's foreign trade at this time peculiarly difficult and complex; at the same time the war has made that problem one which concerns every part of America. For this reason, two great conventions, one largely, the other wholly, devoted to this problem, recently held in the Middle West, both representing interests Nation-wide in extent, are of special significance. One of these was the sixth National Foreign Trade Convention, held in Chicago April 24-26; the other was the seventh Annual Meeting of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, held in St. Louis April 28 to May 1.

The Chamber of Commerce of the United States comprises in its membership more than a thousand Chambers of Commerce and trade organizations; while the Foreign Trade Convention gathered together two thousand delegates, consisting of corporation officers, managers, experts on foreign trade, bankers, and other representatives of the great industrial and commercial concerns engaged or interested in foreign trade.

The emphasis which Mr. George Ed. Smith, President of the American Manufacturers' Export Association and Chairman of the Foreign Trade sessions at the St. Louis Convention, laid upon the opportunity before American industries to heal the economic ravages of the war was characteristic of the attitude of the men considering these foreign trade problems at both Conventions. And not less characteristic was the willingness of these men to see that American industrial expansion through foreign trade must be directed consciously with a view, not merely to the interests of America, but also to the interests of other countries. "At this particular moment in world affairs," said Mr. Smith, "with the nations of the world endeavoring to repair the ravages of war and with the old landmarks of international commerce tottering, it would be the height of folly for us to develop our foreign trade without regard to the necessities of other countries. . . . We have a responsibility, not only to Europe, but to the whole world. . . . The fact that the proper discharge of this responsibility is also good business does not alter the responsibility in any respect." Similarly, the report of the General Convention Committee of the National Foreign Trade Council which called the meeting at Chicago included this statement: "The United States has

become a creditor instead of a debtor Nation. Nations which are our debtors . . . will endeavor to curtail their purchases of finished products from us and to enlarge their sales to us. They must meet their obligations by finding a market for their products. At the same time their competition with us in neutral markets naturally will be extended. The restrictions now imposed on American imports into the markets of our European associates in the war seriously impede the free flow of our commerce; but in so far as they are the outgrowth of a policy of safeguarding home industry and conservation of financial resources depleted by the heavy load of war liabilities, adverse criticism would seem unwarranted so long as such restrictions are not discriminatory."

It is a good augury for the future of our foreign trade that at the very time when America is in the position of the greatest strength, and when her opportunity for service to commerce has become enormously enlarged, the men who are in position of responsibility in business and commerce and finance in this country, and by their joint action are capable of determining our foreign trade policy, should be guided by the spirit expressed in the words we have quoted.

It is something more than mere sentiment, and very far from sentimentalism, that enables the practical American men of affairs to think of our foreign trade in terms of service. It is the highest kind of wisdom. The men who conceived of business as an orderly form of highway robbery, in which every man who made a profit got it at the expense of somebody else, are no longer in positions of influence, for the simple reason that the ideas which they held would ruin any country in these days as they have ruined Germany. That the only good bargain is a bargain that is good for both sides is a principle that has got to be recognized in our foreign trade. That nation will not

only serve the world best, but secure its own prosperity most certainly, which in its policy considers, not merely its own interests, but the interests of other nations. Fortunately, our business men, and especially the men engaged in foreign trade, have had and are continuing to have especially intensive training in the art of considering the interests of other nations. What the United States has done for the maintenance of the world's food supply is of itself an object lesson in that direction. And now, in the period of reconstruction, we should have to see, even if we were not willing to see, in the industrial unrest of Russia and Hungary and Germany and other parts of the world the danger that threatens our own land if we do not consider the interests of other nations.

In view of these facts and of the necessary exercise of self-restraint and self-denial in the midst of expansion, American ingenuity will be subjected to new tests. As the report of the Convention Committee of the Foreign Trade Council said, "These conditions and the keener competition in other markets must stimulate American enterprise to new activity and determination to find compensating outlets." It is to the study of this task that the sessions of the Foreign Trade Convention were mainly devoted, and its recommendations are worth recounting. That Convention, under the chairmanship of Mr. James A. Farrell, President of the United States Steel Corporation, urged the earliest possible completion of the Government's shipbuilding plan, the removal of restrictions on shipbuilding, and permission for the free construction of vessels for sale to foreign interests; the necessary revision of shipping, navigation, and other laws to equalize with competitors the cost of operating American vessels in foreign trade; the speedy transfer of the operation of American shipping from the Government to private concerns; the establishment of coal and fuel oil depots on foreign trading routes to make

American shipping independent of foreign-owned facilities; in short, as to shipping, "American-built ships for American foreign trade;" the development of American facilities for telegraphic communication to foreign countries; the development of commercial aeronautics; the building of public airdromes to provide for the speedy delivery of plans, specifications, blue prints, and invoices from seaports to interior; the establishment of free zones at the principal American ports where products can be assembled, manufactured, and reshipped; the enactment of a bargaining tariff without waiting for a general revision of the tariff law; the extension of international parcel post; the proper representation of the United States in its diplomatic and consular services, and the proper compensation and housing of its representatives abroad; the expansion of the commercial, attaché, and trade commissioner service; the same measure of governmental protection to legitimate American investments abroad as is given by our Government to foreign investments in the United States; the establishment of railway freight rates to the seaboard for export lower than domestic rates.

Every consideration should lead America to foster the development of American foreign trade. The welfare of the American people, the resuscitation of countries suffering from the results of their own agonized resistance to German aggression, the reconstruction of international relationships, and the just demand of labor for a more equitable distribution of the necessities and comforts of life, will all be served by the proper and wise expansion of American foreign trade. There is not an American who should be indifferent to it, and there is not an American who cannot in some measure help to promote it, and to see that the spirit which the leaders of American foreign trade have shown permeates the whole body of American opinion.

WHEN THE COLORS CAME DOWN

A BUGLE call sounded over the deserted parade and the little group about the flagstaff came to attention. The hour had arrived for the closing of the camp. For weeks the gangs of workmen had been busy with the task of wrecking the barracks. For an equal number of weeks the diminished garrison had been equally busy counting and packing and shipping equipment, sorting and filing and shipping records. Now the work was at an end and the hour for departure had come. The adjutant read the order of the day officially closing the camp. The C. O. made a brief speech thanking officers and men for the devotion they had shown during the long weeks

of demobilization and wishing them good luck and God-speed. Then another bugle, and the colors began slowly to flutter down. There was no band this time to play the National anthem, as in the days ago; only one lone bugler to sound "Retreat." The Y man caught his breath, however, just as he had always done, as he watched that wind-torn bunting fall. "Retreat" had ever been for him the great hour of the camp day, and, no matter how busy he had been, he had always tried to plan to be where he could see that mystical, beautiful ceremony—the khaki-clad lads standing like brown statues at salute wherever they happened to be, the wind catching at the flag as it fell, the

slow, reverential way in which the color-guard received and folded it as it reached the ground, and all the time the ringing music of the old anthem that none of us knew before the war and didn't think it worth while to know. As the flag drew near the ground the band always seemed to him to put more spirit, more bold daring into the last lines:

"And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home
of the brave."

And the lines had come as the months passed to be for him the voice of the heart of that America that was ready to dare all things to make them true. And

this day as he watched "Retreat" for the last time he felt sure that, in spite of all its "war-weariness," America had not forgotten those great hours and would yet lead the world toward the realization of its dream.

It does not take a flag long to fall. But thoughts are swifter than falling bunting. And thoughts came thronging swiftly in those brief moments, thoughts and memories. Memories of the stirring days when those first companies came to the raw new camp, and when as raw and unfinished as the camp were the men who crowded it. College men most of them, eager for the quick service they had been promised in the driving of their "flivver" ambulances right up to the front and back again. They had had their service, and we had not been ashamed of them. If decorations count as proofs and tokens, they had probably won more glory than any other equal body of American soldiers. Their daring—so they say who know—astonished even those *poilus* with whom daring had often become the last

and most effective weapon. There, under an unaccustomed sun, they had fought as eagerly as here they had trained and played, and many, too many, had given

"their merry life away
For country and for God."

Those colors that were falling now had received their salute, had stirred their hearts to unvoiced enthusiasms, had been the sign and token of that Cause that challenged them, that sent them forth on that long road that led to glory. The wind caught the flag as it fell and held it out for the last time against the cold April sky, as though it did not want to see it go. Perhaps the wind was thinking of those days when it had cooled their faces after the long drills, of those midnights when they marched past this place for the last time, heads up and shoulders back, with their full packs upon them, and out of the big gate and away. Truly the camp had done its part in "the big job." It had had its day.

But these men who stood now at atten-

tion, who had never marched away, did they not have a share in that glory? They had not stayed here because they wanted so to do. But their staying had made possible the things those others who had gone had done. It called for courage to drive an ambulance under the guns. But it also called for courage to stay where your orders put you on a humdrum garrison task while fools prattled about shell-proof jobs and lovely ladies grew scornful. Some time, the Y man felt sure as he looked for the last time on those serious faces, when America had grown less hectic, more capable of dispassioned sight, it will weave laurel crowns for these without filching one leaf from the brows of those who went across.

The colors have reached the ground at last. Again the bugle sounds. This time it is "Taps," not for a dead soldier, but for a dead camp. And when the last echo dies away there is a sharp word of command and we too go out of the big gate.

WILLIAM E. BROOKS

Camp Crane, Allentown, Pennsylvania.

THE BREAK-UP OF AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

BY GREGORY MASON

STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK

"YOU are an American, aren't you? Well, pass right through, then. No, we do not want to look at your baggage—you are an American."

This was from an Italian officer in charge of the station at Loitsch, on the frontier between Italy and the new Yugoslav state. It is the same all through Europe. "I am an American" is an open sesame everywhere, often rendering a passport superfluous.

There was an American sailor with me from one of Mr. Hoover's freight steamers which had brought a load of food to Trieste for the Czechoslovaks. He was heading for a little town in Hungary where he had a Hungarian grandmother whom he had never seen. His only paper of credentials was shore leave from the skipper of his ship. But even that was unnecessary. In his American uniform he could have walked through Europe and been sure of finding everywhere a welcome and the best hospitality the inhabitants could offer.

Involuntarily I stayed a day at Loitsch, which the Italians call Longatico. An Italian officer who courteously offered me his bed for the four-hour wait before the departure of my train himself fell asleep when that time came, and so I missed the train. But Longatico was worth seeing. The Italians claim the right to annex it, although it is overwhelmingly Slovenic in population. All the signs on all the stores are in Slovene, which looks a good deal like Russian spelled with the Roman alphabet. Many common words are the same in both languages, as *narod* (people) and *vhod* (entrance). I fell in with a

Czechoslovak courier, and found that the few Russian words I remembered were understood by him as well as by the inhabitants of Loitsch. Indeed, the Yugoslavs and the Czechoslovaks have little difficulty in understanding one another.

The Slovenes seem to be easy-going people, comfortable, and not troubled by much imagination. Most of them are farmers. They are inclined to be stockily built, and all have fine complexions. Their country looks a good deal like the more rural parts of Connecticut—rolling pasture land sprinkled with rocks and a good deal of small timber. And the Slovenes themselves in appearance and temperament suggest the Swedes who have settled in such parts of Connecticut.

They are an extremely patient people. I saw a farmer who was driving a yoke of oxen wait for half an hour at a railway crossing while a little switching engine shunted cars up and down. He never lost his patience; his oxen chewed their cuds and he chewed his. The adoration of all things American is as high among the Slovenes as anywhere in Europe. The new Yugoslav state, which is composed of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, has taken for its colors red, white, and blue. A photograph of President Wilson was in every other shop window, and supposedly American drinks and forms of nourishment are eagerly advertised even by the little hotels in such rustic towns as this one.

The Slovenes are good farmers, and they seem to be comparatively well off for food. At Loitsch for breakfast I got two boiled eggs, two cups of coffee, and plenty of bread and white butter, for five

crowns (the crown is worth less than a quarter of its pre-war value, which was about 20 cents). For lunch I got a good thick soup, roast pork, potatoes, sauerkraut, red beans, preserved berries, and real coffee, for nineteen crowns. Of course these prices are high compared to the pre-war standard, but they are cheap compared to prices in Austria or in Germany.

The Czechoslovak courier was on the way to Vienna with a train-load of Austrian seamen, naval officers, and their wives and children from Pola, and he offered me a lift. These people and all their household effects were packed into freight cars of the small European type. In some cars there were as many as twenty men, women, and children, in addition to a great deal of baggage in the shape of boxes and barrels. One of this party was an admiral and a naval architect, who had been building ships for Austria for thirty-five years. In fact, he claimed to be the first naval architect Austria ever had. The Czechoslovak courier had also been an Austrian naval architect, with the rank of captain. A few weeks before he had been taking orders from the admiral as the latter's subordinate and countryman. Now he was an official of one of the triumphant Allied nations and the admiral was traveling in a freight car like a hobo, a mere refugee in the other's protection. But the two were good friends.

I was stepping aboard this train when a voice said, peremptorily, "Where are you from—New York, Chicago, San Francisco, or Bridgeport?"

The voice belonged to a rather disreputable-looking Italian private. He had

lived in America, which accounted for his blunt method of accosting me. Four or five other privates came along who had also lived in America, and they exhibited the same delightful directness of conversational manner.

"Where are you going?" "What is your business?" "Been long away from the States?" and such questions they fired at me. In the khaki camouflage of a war correspondent, to their indiscriminating eyes, I was an officer, but their manner toward their own officers was almost equally blunt and devoid of the polite deference shown by the ordinary run of Italian soldiers. America, how great is thy democracy! Once tasted, it is never forgotten.

These men wanted to know what I thought about the League of Nations. Every one about this station or on this train seemed to be talking about the League of Nations, and particularly about its bearing on boundary questions affecting the Austrians, Yugoslavs, and Italians. The Yugoslavs and the Austrians all seem to be believers in the League, but a few of the Italians were skeptics. They were hotly attacked by a man who held quite a high position in the administration of the Italian railways. This man was born in Trieste of Slav parents, but he refused to admit his Slav blood, calling himself "a Triestina." The Italians who were not born in Trieste noticeably make a point of declaring that they are not "Triestinas" if you ask them about their lineage.

The hills began rolling into bigger hills after we left Loitsch. When we reached the first town in Yugoslavia, we found the station decorated with evergreens and the red, white, and blue flags of the new nations. Promptly the Yugoslavs with us decorated our train with the same color scheme. The country was getting better and better, the mountains growing and the valleys widening. Later, however, the mountains fell back and we rolled down a broad plain into Laibach, a big city populated mainly by Slovenes. Yugoslav officers filled the town, in uniforms like the Serbian. There is a distinct Oriental touch about Laibach—as much of it as there is about some towns in western Russia. There was enough food in the town apparently, but nothing to spare. As my journey progressed to the northeast food was becoming scarcer and scarcer. I got a dinner of calves' brains, spinach, rice, apple sauce, two slices of bread, and a glass of beer for twenty-three crowns. According to the pre-war value of the crown, that would mean about four dollars and a half, but at the price at which I had purchased crowns it meant little more than a dollar. Austrian money is in use in Yugoslavia, but it is not accepted unless it has been stamped by the Yugoslav Government. On the other hand, money which has been so stamped will not pass in Austria.

I got aboard the train for Vienna about midnight, sharing a compartment with a Yugoslav officer. He began at length to tell me why he admired America above

all other countries; "so rich, so generous, so unselfish, so brave, especially so honest!"

That is it—"especially so honest." It is finding that feeling about America all through Europe which makes an American tremble lest his country cannot live up to the almost superhuman reputation that she has now among these people. And it is finding this feeling, that we are "so generous, so unselfish," that must make an American living abroad gnash his teeth when he reads of the efforts a backward-looking little group of Senators are making to have us live aloof, for ourselves alone. But "especially so honest." That is the fact which President Wilson called, in Boston, "the most wonderful fact in history"—that "there is no nation in Europe that suspects the motive of the United States." (And, thanks mainly to President Wilson for that fact, say I, if I may be permitted this personal digression as an American who has lived all over the world except in America during the past two years, and who is disgusted with the petty criticism of President Wilson at home at a time when he is acclaimed throughout the rest of the world as the greatest statesman of this age.)

The Yugoslav captain wound up his laudation of my country with the remark that "America has become very great because she won the war."

"Every one out of the train with his baggage for inspection," shouted a train official in German, sticking his head into our compartment. The Yugoslav officer went out with his *musette*. I did not move. The official came back again and shouted at me, "Every one must get out for the customs examination."

I looked at him severely and said, attempting a tone like a judge pronouncing sentence:

"I am an American."

"Oh, all right," answered the official in a softer voice. "Stay right where you are, sir. Your baggage is exempt from examination."

He lingered to converse with me. "I have a brother who is living in Chicago," said he. "He says Chicago is greater as Berlin or Vienna. Your country is very rich. We hope you will send us bread. Your President is a wonderful man. He is bigger as any European statesman. I worked in London once. I learned English there. The English are fine people. Germany was crazy to risk a war with England and America. My brother voted against Wilson at the last election. He must have been a fool."

I fell asleep and dreamed a silly dream. I dreamed I saw Uncle Sam sitting on a mountain of white bread shaped like Fujiyama (not a comfortable seat). Around the base of the mountain were people of all the nationalities in Europe. Some were begging Uncle Sam to throw down boulders of bread, others were surreptitiously hacking at the foot of the mountain with pickaxes and bread-knives. When I awoke, it was nine o'clock. The Yugoslav had gone, and there were four women in the compartment. There was something harsh in their voices and features, something

dowdy in their appearance, often characteristic of Teutonic women. One of them, as soon as she saw I was awake, addressed me thus:

"Excuse me sir, but I see you are an American. When is America going to send us food? Our people are dying by the thousand. And are you going to let these Yugoslavs steal land from us as they please? We have always thought you Americans were a just people, but it is not justice to let these Yugoslavs and Czechoslovaks trample on us now that we are down."

"You had your turn trampling on them, didn't you?"

"That is not so. Of course our old Imperial Government made some mistakes, but we Austrian people had nothing to do with that."

"You didn't do much to stop it, or to stop your old Government from bullying any small nation it chose to bully."

"We didn't want to bully any one. But if all Americans think like you, I'm afraid there will be another war."

"Haven't you had enough war?"

"Oh, I don't mean a war against America. We have nothing against America. I mean a war against these horrible Yugoslavs. If you let them take our land, land in which our Austrian and German people are living, we will fight them to the last man—yes, to the last woman."

O America, must you referee all the world's squabbles? The world seems to expect that; and if your decisions be not made with the wisdom of Solomon, this great popularity you have to-day will fade like the color in autumn leaves.

The feeling between the Yugoslavs and the Austrians is very bitter on both sides. With their six million Serbs, five million Croats, and one and a half million Slovenes, the Yugoslavs now outnumber the German Austrians. Of the latter there are only about ten million in all, and the Austrians say that only about six and a half million of these will be within autonomous Austria if the present boundaries of Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia are allowed to stand. To the Austrians the loss of their trade with the Yugoslavs is hard to bear.

"What will be the future of Vienna?" I wondered, as our train ran down the plain toward the Danube, where the snow was going, and where the melting of agriculture into industry showed that we were approaching a great city.

Vienna has had its day. Any Austrian will tell you that. A city of more than two million inhabitants it cannot hope to remain. As the capital of the German Austrians alone it would deserve no more than about half a million residents. The Austrians are trying to preserve as much of its former glory as they can by urging that it be made the second capital in the new nation to be composed of all the Teutons. But as the second capital of the Teutons on their eastern frontier it can never hope for the splendor it knew as the center of the vast Austro-Hungarian Empire. Vienna is doomed. Who will

regret that except the Viennese? Even if he admires its spacious public buildings—of a style of architecture too heavy to appeal to the discriminating—any man of imagination must remember that they were built by the sweat and blood of the subject races cringing under the iron heel of the villainous old aristocrats who ruled Austria-Hungary.

Vienna to-day is dirty and depressing. Dirt and newspapers are blown through the streets by gusty winds which swirl germs into the faces of the inhabitants, most of whose constitutions are now too weak to resist even a decrepit microbe. Vienna has always relied for food and other supplies on outlying districts of Austria or on neighboring countries, from which she can get next to nothing to-day. The Czechs will send her neither coal nor food, needing both for themselves. The same is true of the Galicians. Germany has little to send to Austria, and constant strikes as well as the coal shortage interfere with sending that. In a previous article, which dealt primarily with conditions along the Rhine and in occupied Germany, I reported that there was no noticeable shortage of coal or sugar in those regions. But as for sugar, there is very little of it either in Austria or in the Germany east of the Rhine; and as for coal, while there seems to be enough to warm all the houses and hotels in most of Germany, there is certainly a great shortage of it in Austria. In Austria you have this vicious circle: no coal—no transportation; no transportation—no coal; no transportation and no coal—no food.

It is reported that a certain distinguished representative of the American Government went to Vienna, put up at the best and most expensive hotel, and left the city after twenty-four hours with the breezy remark, "Oh, I guess Vienna's all right." If he had cared to stroll a little distance from the lobby of his hotel, he would have taken away quite a different impression. Of course there is good enough food to be had at the best hotels if you can afford to pay for it. But what percentage of the population of New York, for example, can afford to eat at the Biltmore even in a period of normal prices?

At the present price of exchange, an Austrian crown is worth about five cents in American money. But a crown is still a crown to an Austrian. Wages have doubled, or even trebled, since 1914, but prices have increased tenfold or more. I knew of an Austrian who had to get at least a small quantity of milk, by hook or crook, to save the life of his child. After hunting through half the shops of Vienna, he found a can of condensed milk. He got it for one hundred and sixty crowns (about eight dollars in our money, even at the present low exchange)! Another man, who decided he must have a chicken, got a small one for two hundred and twenty crowns!

Young children and old people in Austria have died by thousands. A healthy adult can stand a meager diet for a good

while—in some cases it is good for him—but the children and the aged cannot stand it. While there are many children in both Germany and Austria five years of age and over, there are noticeably few under that age. A little food is already reaching the Austrians from the Allies, but the stream is yet a thin one, principally on account of the difficulties of transportation after steamers land the supplies at European ports.

At the invitation of the Czechoslovak Government, I went from Vienna to Prague. It was announced that the train which I took would be the last one for two weeks, for all the frontiers of Czechoslovakia were to be closed for a fortnight while the Austrian money in the new Republic was stamped by the Czechoslovak Government, and thus converted into a more valuable currency. But when we reached the last station before the frontier the Austrian gendarmes announced that the train would be sent back to Vienna. This was done out of spite, as a sort of reprisal against the Czechs for deciding to close the frontier. Thus several hundred unfortunate men and women who had bought tickets for stations in Czechoslovakia were sent back to Vienna. I was more lucky. At the Vienna station a Czech railway official had asked me if the C on the brassard which I wore meant "courier."

"No; it means 'correspondent,'" I said.

"Oh, that's all the same," he remarked. "If any one asks you, you tell them it means courier." So saying, he pasted on the door of my compartment a slip of paper on which was printed "Courier" in Czech spelling, and left me, remarking, "Let no one enter this compartment; it is reserved for you."

Well, when I got off the train at the station on the border to see what could be done, the conductor seized my arm and whispered:

"Come into this little baggage car. It is going on to Prague. As an American courier you can go."

With the enjoyment of one who is on the inside looking out I watched a mob of men who swarmed about the baggage car all vociferously declaring that they were couriers and had important business in Prague.

"I never saw so many couriers in my life," said the baggage-master. After much argument and inspection of credentials, about twelve of the alleged couriers were allowed to enter. The rest of the crowd, except a Czech Princess, who came with us, were sent back to Vienna, howling with natural rage and disappointment.

The Bohemian countryside is as easy to look at as any I have ever seen. Industry mingles with agriculture, factory chimneys literally rising from the midst of orchards, and both seem to be flourishing. Up to date Bohemia has been a sort of oasis in the midst of a desert of Bolshevism and industrial barrenness.

I was met at the station in Prague by representatives of a department of the Czech Ministry of Foreign Affairs which

devotes itself entirely to entertaining and assisting foreigners within the country of the Czechoslovaks. They did not know I was coming, but they meet every train with motor cars, in which they convey the astonished strangers to rooms constantly reserved at the best hotels for this purpose. A very agreeable Czech officer who spoke English was placed at my disposal to use whenever I wanted him as a guide to show me about the city.

This is a characteristic instance of the energy and purpose with which the new Czechoslovak Republic is beginning its career. In some respects the rights to the frontiers which the Czechs and the Slovaks are claiming are certainly open to question (although these people are such pleasant hosts that any one who has visited their capital hates to question their right to anything they may happen to want). But it is certainly questionable, if for their own future security and the peace of Europe it is wise, for the Czechs and Slovaks to remain in possession of a city like Pressburg, only about thirty-three miles from Vienna, and with a population overwhelmingly Teutonic. In general the Czechs are following the plan of claiming almost anything to which they have a ghost of a right, and perhaps for them this is the best policy, since they will certainly get a good deal of what they claim. At any rate, the Czechoslovaks are full of admirable qualities. The whole nation is "up on its toes" every minute. The new Government is well organized, and it is pushing its way among other nations with a very well managed and carefully considered propaganda. Unquestionably the Czechs are the most energetic, the most efficient, and the most intensely patriotic people in Europe east of the Rhine to-day. As such they will deserve the important part they seem likely to play in the Middle Europe of the future.

I doubt if any city in the world has as many photographs and busts of President Wilson in its shop windows as Prague. In every case the likeness of the American President is side by side with a likeness of the George Washington of Czechoslovakia—President Masaryk.

In the streets of Prague you see hundreds of soldiers in Italian, French, or Austrian uniforms, as well as those wearing the attractive gray uniform of the new Republic. But all these soldiers are Czechs. They are men who fought for the independence of Czechoslovakia with the French and Italian armies, and thousands of them allowed themselves to be captured by the Allies when in Austrian uniform in order to fight against the Austrians later.

Prague is suffering for want of food, but Prague is not in so bad a plight as Vienna. In Vienna the pathos lies, not in what you see, but in what you do not see—markets with nothing to sell but a few carrots and cabbages, orphan asylums empty because the orphans have died.

Hungary is reported to be in as bad condition physically as Austria, but politically Hungary is the most unenviable

nation in Europe. To-day the Hungarians are without friends. The Austrians at least can count on the Germans as friends, but the Hungarians can count on no one.

The probable union of Austrians with Germans is at least a natural union. But, whatever the future of the Teutons may be, let us be glad that the old conglomer-

ation of peoples held together by force which was called the Austro-Hungarian Empire is ended.

Paris, March 25.

THE IRISH AND THE ENGLISH AT CLOSE QUARTERS

BY FRANK DILNOT

A VISITOR from Mars who sought enlightenment with regard to political problems on the earth from the newspapers would get the impression that Irishmen were a fierce, relentless race, that the English were at once stolid, stupid, and brutal, and that individuals from the two countries whenever they came in contact hissed with anger and at the slightest provocation were likely to strike each other. Hostility, it would seem, must breathe through the nostrils of Englishmen and Irishmen whenever they meet, either individually or in groups. They would seem to be continually at each other's throats. The utterances of the stronger politicians on each side are largely responsible for this picture. It has an amazing sense of unreality for those who know Ireland and England, and this despite the political fight between the two sides.

The truth is that, generally speaking, the Irish hate the English politically, but get on very well indeed with them personally, and the English are filled with scorn of Irish politics but appreciate perhaps more intensely than any other people the glamour of Irish personality and the intimate charm of Irish men and women. Thus it is that Englishmen and Irishmen are both astonished at the others' mischievous and dangerous political beliefs. Just now Irish politics have entered on another phase, but it is only a continuation of the attitude of mind on both sides.

It is difficult to imagine that Irish and English leaders are ever friendly together. If one went by the published denunciations, one would conceive malignant silence or malignant words whenever people of the two countries came within range of one another. I have traveled over Ireland not only in times of quietude but also during two general elections, and I spent five years of my life in the gallery of the British House of Commons, and have seen intensive fighting by the various sections of Irishmen on behalf of their beliefs; and there is perhaps some illumination afforded by sidelights on the moods and the activities of Englishmen and Irishmen when they are brought together for social purposes, for work, or for discussion.

The atmosphere of the House of Commons is a thing not easily understood by those who are not familiar with it through actual experience. The Irish up till recently were divided into several sections—a little group revolting against the leadership of Mr. Redmond, the Redmondites themselves diverse in temperament, and the north country Irish Union-

ists bitterly opposed to their fellow-countrymen—but all of them together possessing in common a certain Irish outlook and Irish sympathy which was separate from every other feeling in the House. However ruthlessly they attacked one another, they nevertheless felt the call of the blood. Sir Edward Carson, with rasping voice, outstretched forefinger, mordant words, was the great Irish enemy in Parliament of Home Rule aspirations. His searing sentences on the one hand, and, on the other, the flaming words that have been hurled back at him, could never have left any doubt of the hatred between the two parties. Yet Sir Edward Carson was an Irishman. There came an occasion when young Willie Redmond, the son of his chief opponent, made his maiden speech in the House of Commons. It was Sir Edward Carson who was the first man to the table, and, turning to face his leading enemy, he paid a glowing tribute to the young Irishman's first speech, a tribute which must have warmed the elder Redmond's heart. And the tribute was cheered by all the Englishmen present as heartily as it was by the Irishmen themselves.

There is a communal spirit in the House of Commons, and all the House, even the Conservatives, strange as it may seem, had an affection for, even a pride in, these Irishmen who filled a section by themselves, who conformed to the rules of the House with punctiliousness, who steadily refused any honors or emolument under the British Government, who fought with persistence, and who never could be placated. Moreover, there were many happy and close friendships between the Irishmen and the British members, and it is certain that the Irishmen felt themselves an integral and, indeed, as they were, a very important part of that assembly, so mixed and yet in certain fundamentals possessed of a remarkable oneness of spirit. The Irishmen had their prejudices, formed against a good many Liberals and a good many Conservatives, prejudices which were reciprocal and had little or nothing to do with politics. The Speaker of the House of Commons, Mr. Lowther, a British aristocrat with a mellow humor and a kindly tolerance which arose from appreciation of many sides of life, athletics as well as literature, his farming as well as his interest in social experiments, had a warm place in his heart for the Irishmen, and they on their part respected and liked him. Many a time have I heard him call down with stern words some raucous members of his own party who were attacking the Irish. I have heard the Irish leaders pay generous tribute not only to

his stern fairness but to his humaneness and his wit. The swift dialogues between the Speaker and the Irish Nationalists often brightened the House. There was an occasion where an English Liberal, forsaking his Home Rule principles on receipt of his knighthood, immediately changed to the opposite benches, and this on the last day of the session. He rose to put a question on that last day. Jerry MacVeagh sprang up from among the Nationalists before the recent Liberal could get in a word and put one of those audacious points of order which are not points of order at all, and in which the Irishmen had more freedom than any others in the House. "Mr. Speaker," he cried, "is it in order that a member who rats and gets a knighthood for it should rise to put a question from his new place on the last day of the session? Is it in order that he should change his side and join the Conservative party at this late stage?"

The Speaker rose in his place, a picture of dignity. "It is never too late to mend," he said.

An unexpected scene which might have had a painful conclusion was averted late one night by the collaboration of the Speaker with an English member. The occasion was during the last half-hour of the sitting on the motion for the adjournment, which gives opportunity for the discussion of any topic whatever. A young Irish member just back from a tour in Australia made some remarks which might have been construed into an attack on the monarch, and the House sank into a silence which was obviously the prelude to a political storm in which the name of the King would have been freely bandied about. It was a situation which in many respects would have been disastrous, for the Commons is omnipotent in the conduct of the business of the country. A dozen fiery spirits sprang to their feet to speak for and against as soon as the young member sat down. The responsible Irish leaders wanted nothing less than the damaging scene which was about to ensue. The Speaker rose to the occasion. He blandly ignored all the fire-eaters and called on a Yorkshire representative, a burly man with red hair and aquiline nose and a sense of humor which was concealed behind bland eyes and a drawling voice. "Mr. Speaker," he said, "I wish to direct the attention of the House to a matter which is of the utmost importance at the present moment." All the House sank again to the intensest silence for the continuation of the drama. "I feel," said the member, "that I can be doing no greater service to this House or to the country than by the subject which I

intend to deal with at this moment." The House was at fever pitch. Even the whippers in the galleries were silenced. "The subject I wish to deal with," he said, "is the all-important one of rivers. I wish to call attention to the extreme value of rivers to the human race. There is, for instance, the Mississippi, which traverses a great part of North America, renowned for its beauty, and bringing all kinds of facilities to the people of the country in the shape of trade and commerce. The Amazon, on the other hand, is a huge body of water which I desire to compare with the little stream, also a river, running at the back of my garden in Yorkshire. They are alike in this, that the pollution in them comes from practically the same source—decaying leaves and the crumbling of the banks of clay or earth or sand." The breathless House of Commons had by this time grasped the meaning of the orator, and from a silence which was almost painful was beginning to ripple. The ripple developed into a roar. The tension was at an end. The Yorkshire member continued talking until eleven o'clock, when the sitting came to an automatic close, and the Speaker rose and said, "This House is now adjourned." I shall never forget the laughter at the performance of the Yorkshire member, laughter in which the Irish were among the foremost.

The most vehement of Irish Nationalists sometimes comes to the assistance of an English Minister whom he likes. At four o'clock one morning, after a strenuous all-night sitting, Mr. John Burns, then the President of the Local Government Board, desired to get through without opposition one or two routine departmental bills which could be passed right away so long as no voice was raised against them. One of these bills, I remember, was called "The Removal of Offensive Matter Bill," which dealt with the collection of street refuse. Mr. Burns made an appeal to the tired House to give him the bill. A foppish Conservative member, unable to make any mark in ordinary debate, chose to obstruct this bill, as he had done other bills, by the simple words, "I object." The Conservative leader appealed to him. "I object," persisted the young fop. Up sprang Mr. MacVeagh from the Irish benches. "Why does the honorable member object? I know it is the Removal of Offensive Matter Bill, but there is nothing personal in it."

Though I was a Liberal Home-Ruler in politics, I was attached to a famous Conservative paper as a descriptive writer, and when in 1910 I went to Ireland to do a series of sketches I was doubtful as to whether the name of the paper I represented would be a handicap to me in my work. I found nothing of the kind. I went into the Gresham Hotel, in Sackville Street, Dublin, and saw two of the most brilliant of the younger generation of Ireland, T. M. Kettle and Joe Devlin, sitting together in the lounge. I went up and introduced myself and told them straight who and what I was, and I could not have had a more cordial reception if

I had been a blood relation. I was sitting down having a drink with them within three minutes. They offered to help me in every possible way. Despite their comparative youth, they were among the most distinguished political leaders and orators in the British Empire, but were also the most generous, good-hearted fellows I have ever met in any country. I had an even more apt illustration of the personal confidence in an Englishman two or three nights later. Mr. John Redmond, was addressing a huge meeting in the Rotunda in Dublin. After the meeting, when scores were crowding around the Irish leader, I was introduced to him and we exchanged a sentence or two. He must have suddenly realized that I, as a stranger, could be of use to him. He had to pass up an aisle through the audience towards the street and was beset not merely by those who wished to greet him but also by those desiring favors. How was he to get through the throng? He took me by the arm, "Walk with me to the street," he said. As we passed along through the thrusting people he was busy showing to me with upraised finger the various points of interest in the hall, its architectural features, and explained to me how and why I should visit it at my leisure. His attention to me was so close and courteous that it really left him little opportunity for more than a passing hand-shake and a word of greeting to all those who were thronging forward, and he reached his carriage in the street without undue delay.

I was in Cork during the famous individual election contest between Willie Redmond on the one side and William O'Brien on the other. It will be remembered that Mr. O'Brien with a few followers broke away from the Redmondites and fought them in several constituencies with varying success. Cork was Mr. O'Brien's stronghold. It was an election I shall never forget, because of the scenes so vivacious to the eye of an Englishman accustomed to the more placid contests of his native land. Two hotels provided the respective headquarters, and there were territories which were largely given over to the support of each candidate. There were demonstrations nearly every night—bands and banners, regiments of men with sticks held over their shoulders or carried upright, regiments of women as enthusiastic as men, a line of blazing tar barrels borne on planks which were mounted on the shoulders of four stalwart voters. As an Englishman, and therefore a stranger and observer, I (with others) was received hospitably by both parties and treated with much personal kindness.

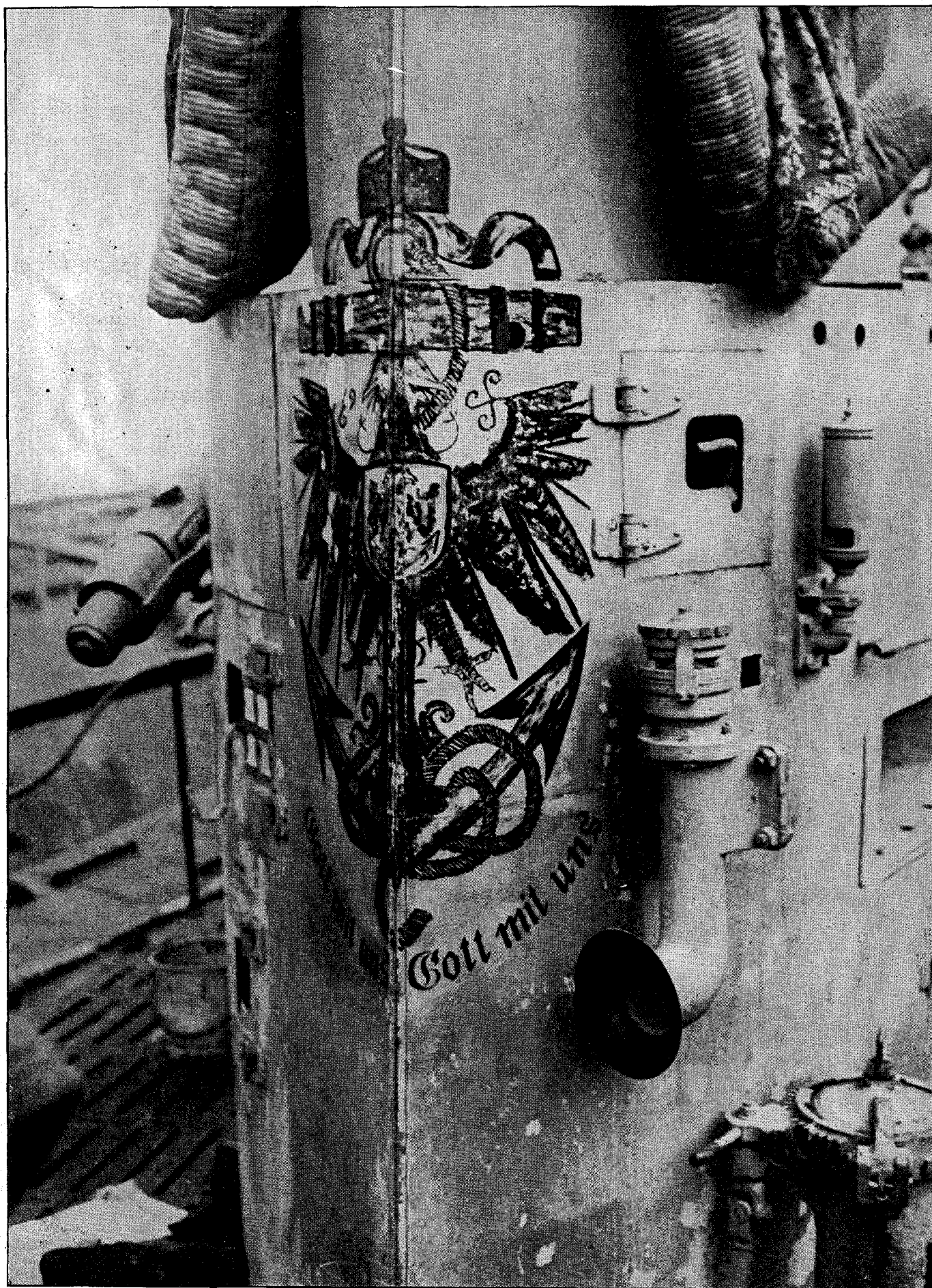
I was with Willie Redmond one night in his hotel preparatory to going out with him in one of his processions. "We are going through O'Brien's district to-night," he said. I learned then that it was, so to speak, a point of honor for one side to make a tour of the other side's localities, not so much with a view to persuade or impress the opponents as to show they were not afraid of them. Two thousand women were outside the hotel, most of

them workingwomen, and their fervor for Willie Redmond is a thing to be remembered. With a group of committeemen we emerged from the hotel to make our way through to the carriage, which was to be in the middle of the procession. It was a great struggle for Willie Redmond to get there, and, once he was in the carriage, it was detained by strong Irish arms which held on to the sides, and while efforts were being made by the organizers to detach the enthusiasts one middle-aged woman climbed into the carriage and kissed Willie Redmond amid the plaudits of thousands. While we were on our way through the crowded streets I stood up to get a better view of scenes which will be forever memorable, and presently Willie Redmond took hold of my arm and pulled me down. "We shall have the stones soon, now," he said. True it was. We were getting into the thick of hostile territory, and volleys of missiles from time to time were launched at us. Every one took it good-humoredly and saw nothing in the least strange about the demonstration.

Mr. O'Brien won the election, and then went out to the west of Ireland to County Mayo, where he lived, and where he had determined to fight another constituency against the Redmondites. His headquarters were at Westport, where he and his wife were extremely popular. I was present on the night he arrived fresh from his triumph in Cork. The little town hall had been cleared of seats, and he was taken there by an excited and jubilant crowd in order to speak to them and to receive their congratulations. The hall was filled with men who stood with their sticks at attention and with their eyes bright and fervent. Mr. O'Brien, heavily bearded, with shaggy eyebrows and long, wavy hair, looked like a prophet of old, as with hands clasped behind his back he delivered himself of criticisms of the Redmondite leaders. "John Dillon is coming here on Sunday. Boys, what will you do with him?" "We'll shoot him, sir!" shouted voices amid a roar. Of course they did not mean it. It was in the midst of Mr. O'Brien's intensive scorn and the furious enthusiasm among the audience that a stray Redmondite who had got in at the back of the hall ventured a mild word of dissent. Instantly the whole gathering turned on the man. The meeting was held up. It seemed to me from the platform that there was a mountain of men rearing itself at the back near the doors amid tremendous tumult. The Redmondite intruder was dealt with, and disappeared, goodness knows how or in what shape, and then the audience came back and stood at attention once more, and faced Mr. O'Brien, who had remained a stern and immovable observer of the whole. When all was quiet again, he delivered himself. "I am glad," he said, "to find that you know how to deal with a bully when you find one."

Mr. O'Brien was a perfectly delightful man personally, as kindly and soft as an Irish gentleman always is. He went out

CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED



(C) Underwood & Underwood

THE COAT OF ARMS ON A CAPTURED GERMAN SUBMARINE NOW IN THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD

Note the legend "Gott mit uns"—God with us—a characteristic piece of German arrogance that was not omitted even from these piratical craft that were engaged in violating the laws both of God and of man



(C) Underwood & Underwood

BOSTON GREETS THE MEN OF THE TWENTY-SIXTH DIVISION AS THEY MARCH THROUGH ITS HISTORIC STREETS

"EVERYWHERE IN AMERICA"—OUR RETURNING



(C) Underwood & Underwood

SAN FRANCISCO GIVES A GREAT RECEPTION TO ITS WAR HEROES



International Film Service

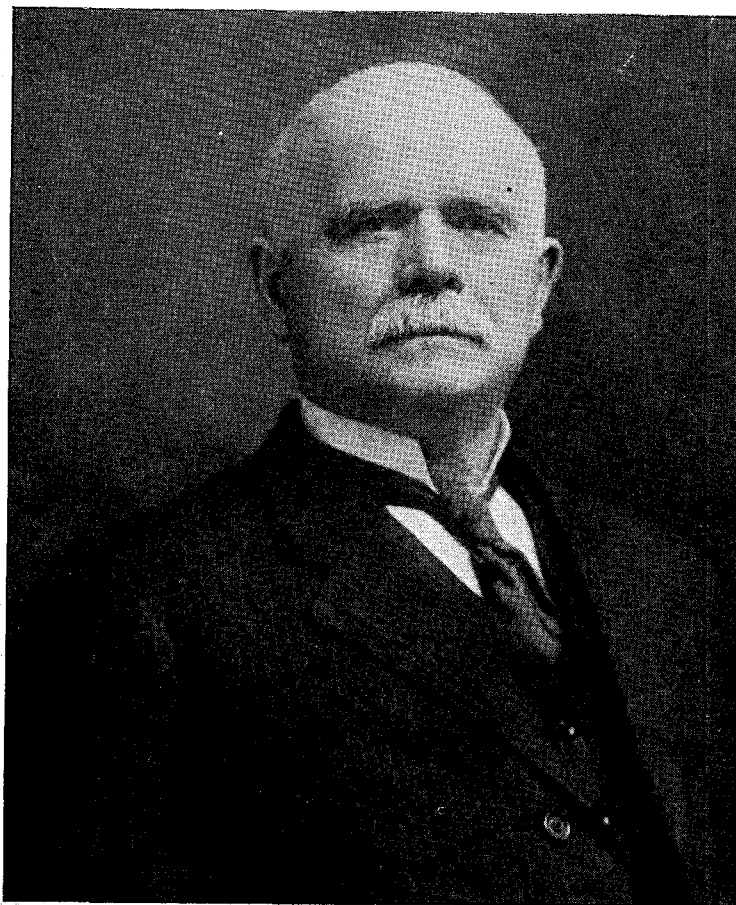
NEW YORK CITY OFFERS FLOWERS TO THE SIXTY-NINTH AS THEY MARCH UP FIFTH AVENUE
SOLDIERS RECEIVE A HEARTY WELCOME



(C) Harris & Ewing

**SIR JAMES ERIC DRUMMOND, SECRETARY-GENERAL OF
THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS**

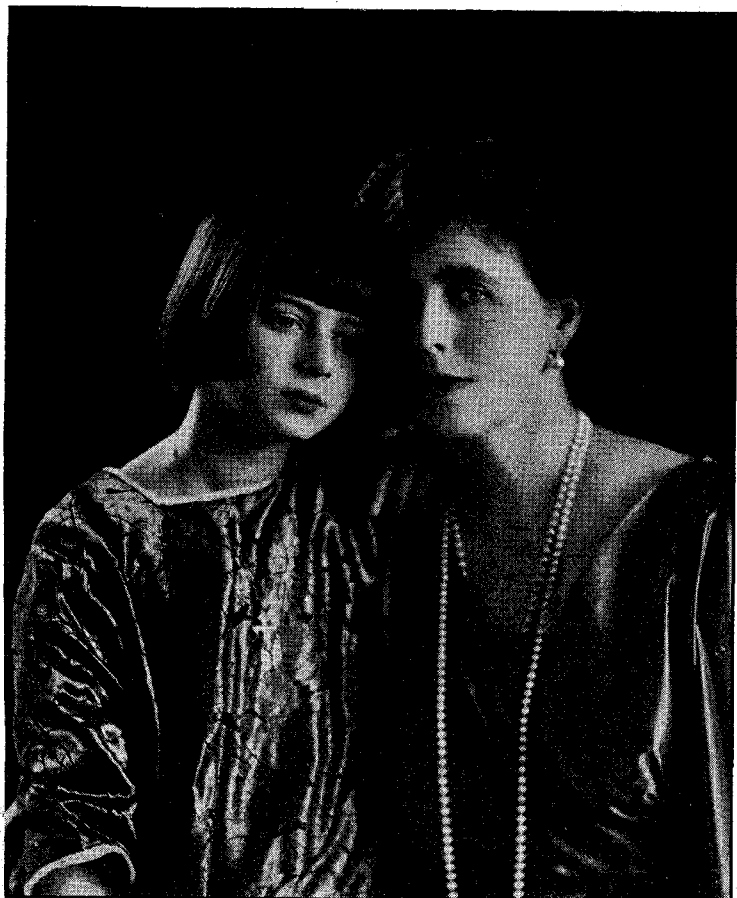
Sir James was born in 1876, and is therefore now in his forty-third year. He entered the British Foreign Office in 1900, and acted as Private Secretary to the British Prime Minister 1912-15, and to the Foreign Secretary since 1915



International Film Service

**D. D. MacKENZIE, SUCCESSOR TO WILFRID LAURIER AS
CANADIAN LIBERAL LEADER**

Mr. MacKenzie is a prominent member of the Canadian House of Commons from the Province of Nova Scotia. His appointment as leader of the Liberal party is temporary; a national convention will later elect a permanent leader



(C) Bertram Park, from International Film Service

**THE QUEEN OF RUMANIA AND HER DAUGHTER THE
PRINCESS ILEANA**

Queen Marie was married to Ferdinand, King of Rumania, in 1893, and has had six children, of whom five are living. The Princess Ileana was born in 1908. The photograph was made recently in London



(C) International Film Service

**CARDINAL MERCIER AT MALINES REVIEWING MARCHING
REGIMENTS ON KING ALBERT'S BIRTHDAY**

The feelings of Belgium's heroic Cardinal as he witnesses the triumph of justice after four years of oppression may be imagined; might he not express them in the words of Scripture, "Mine eyes have seen Thy salvation"?

of his way to oblige me and other English correspondents more than once. One of his supporters was a distinguished Irish lawyer who had a large practice extending over a wide stretch of the country. It was to this Irishman at dinner in the hotel one evening that I conveyed the fact that I had on that day, at Achill Island, tasted "poteen," the illicit Irish whisky, colorless as water and with strength enough to fell an ox. In his kindness, he promised to secure for me a couple of bottles and send them to my residence in London. It was too delightful an opportunity to break the law for me to refuse. A few weeks later in London a package was delivered at my house containing one bottle of "poteen" and the remains of another bottle which had been broken in transit. I wrote and

thanked the Irish lawyer for his kindness, mentioning incidentally the accident to one of the bottles. He wrote me back a kindly note which ran something like this: "I am sorry that one of the bottles was broken in transit, but as I have today successfully defended a man charged with manufacturing this commodity, I shall probably be able to send you another bottle by the end of the week."

It was at Westport that I learned how small a thing is mighty England to the remote parts of Ireland. I was shown a local paper dated the day after the coronation of King Edward in Westminster Abbey, an event which naturally occupied great prominence and a very large amount of space in all the English papers. This Irish journal dealt with it in a manner which presumably fully met the curiosity

for news on the part of its subscribers. This was the full description which was printed: "The King of England was crowned yesterday at Westminster."

It was only in the public meetings and the newspapers that I found harsh expressions towards England, and, to tell the truth, even these were nothing like so bitter as a stranger might have expected. There was at the time a general expectation of early Home Rule, which perhaps accounted to some extent for the mildness of the talk I heard. It did not account for the geniality of the Irish towards Englishmen in person, for that is and always was a feature of the country. In England an individual Irishman is always a favorite, which is a tribute not so much to the English as to the Irish themselves.

"BABUSHKA"

A PERSONAL IMPRESSION OF CATHERINE BRESHKOVSKY

BY ANNE O'HAGAN

ONE blue, moonlit Sunday evening, bitterly cold, last February, a great crowd surged into the Church of the Ascension in New York. Long before its chimes and those of its neighbor churches had stilled their sweet, clamorous call to evening service every pew was filled, the little yard outside was packed, the sidewalk overflowed into the roadways. Across the street there were more people gathered, and around the corner and up the steps of the Ascension Parish House human beings were waiting in dense formation, hopeful for a miracle, hopeful that the granite walls might become as crystal and that they might see the sight within, or that at last it would be demonstrated how two—or ten—bodies might occupy the same space at the same time. Failing that, they waited for the satisfaction of their craving to behold the cause of their presence there when she came out again. Not since the last marriage of an American millionaire's daughter to a foreign nobleman had such a scene been witnessed in the vicinity of a New York church. This time the curiosity was more creditable to our democracy.

It was to see a woman that they were there—an old woman, a plain woman, a woman who fifty years ago gave up the husband and son whom she loved, her family and friends, and the luxuries to which she had been accustomed, because there had sounded in her heart the trumpet call to a great service. They were there, those crowding New Yorkers, to catch, if they might, a glimpse of Catherine Breshkovsky, "Babushka," the Little Grandmother of the Russian Revolution. They were there to pay tribute, the tribute at least of eager curiosity, to an old woman who had spent nearly half her whole long life and more than half her adult life in penal servitude. They were there, the most conservative of them, to acclaim a

radical, a rebel against an established order of tyranny, injustice, and cruelty. They were there, stepping from their comfortably padded, warmed limousines, many of them, to honor an old woman who in her youth had traveled uncounted miles on foot to incite revolution among peasants, who had been jolted between jailers in a springless wagon along that Via Dolorosa, the great Siberian road. They were there, those comfortable land-owning people, to cheer an old woman who believed—and believes—that the land must belong to the workers of the land and that the state must be the guardian of the workers' ownership, an old woman who told the Senate of the United States quite as a matter of course that she had been for fifty years a Socialist.

It was an amazing demonstration, a demonstration of the unity that underlies all diversities. For all of them—for the extremist who quarrels with what he regards as her old-fashioned present attitude and for the reactionary who still manages to cherish a quaint belief in a Socialist as something horned and hoofed, for both of them and for all between—Babushka stands for something in which they can believe. Every day of her stay in this country has witnessed a demonstration akin to that one.

Those who succeeded in entering the Church of the Ascension saw this sight—an old woman, still strong, still vital, unbroken by years, unbroken by hardship. Her chest is deep, her shoulders broad, her neck powerful. Her face is still full and unshriveled. Her gray eyes look clearly, kindly, humorously, youthfully, upon the world in which they have witnessed such varied cruelties without ever losing belief in fundamental kindness. Only when she reads or writes does she mount silver-rimmed spectacles. Her

gray hair is cut short and brushed back from a forehead as majestic as one of our own elder statesmen's. Her black sack-like dress, with the little white collar rolling over the top of it, makes elegance seem tawdry.

At home I was trying to describe the impression her appearance made upon me when a soft voice from the County Clare broke in upon me.

"Is it the old Russian lady you're talking of, ma'am?" it asked, excitedly. "I saw her—I mean the picture of her—at the movies the other night. She was coming ashore from the boat. She had on a white hood, a sort of cap, like what the old ladies at home in Ireland wear. I thought"—the voice ended wistfully—"she looked like an old Irish lady."

I saw at once that she does look like an old Irish lady. She looks like an old Swedish lady. She looks like the embodiment of all the wisdom and all the kindness of all the wise, kind old women of the world. The "Grandmother" of that Russian Revolution once acclaimed by all of us, for we are ourselves the offspring of a revolution; the "Grandmother" of four million Russian orphans, to plead for whom she, a woman of seventy-five, has crossed continents and seas—when one sees her, with her great benignancy, her strength, her wit, her humor, one must believe that she is to be the "Grandmother" of a new, peaceful, happy Russia. She is a woman whose story will live in thousands of human hearts when the name of Romanoff is as dead as that of Ptolemy.

Grandmothers of course do not continuously approve the ways of their grandchildren. What! Have the little people for whom grandma used to carry cookies in her pockets and to whom she sang Old World lullabies—have these dear little people grown up into these roisterers, these advanced young women with bobbed

hair and abbreviated codes of convention, these various objectionable types? What! Has the little fellow to whom grandpa used to tell tales of Washington and Valley Forge actually dared to become a labor agitator, a pacifist, a spouter about industrial democracy? So it happens with all grandparents. How much more so with the grandmother whose revolution was the child of such almost unbelievable effort, suffering, and heroism on her part? The Bolshevik Russia of to-day Madame Breshkovsky vehemently disowns as her child and that of the old revolutionists.

The day after that cold Sunday night it was my privilege to ride with her on her trip to Boston. I handed her various questions which she had been obliged to leave unanswered the night before.

"How stupid such persons are!" she cried when I handed her this one: "Do you think that the Bolsheviks are sincere and that their only purpose is to give to the poorer class in Russia what rightfully belongs to them?"

"How stupid such persons are! Have I not already said again and again that I think the Bolsheviks traitors to the Revolution, traitors to Russia?" She spoke impatiently, but even in her impatience there is something piquant, something eternally young; it is not the peevish, impotent impatience of the aged.

I am not, alas! going to be able to make Babushka speak for you with the charm that her speaking has. Her English, which when heard from a platform is so difficult to follow, is very attractive in conversation. She learned it—think of it!—out of books while she was in prison. She enunciates all the syllables, she gives each "r" its rolling, foreign value. The family, for example, will never be "dis-solved;" it will always be "con-ser-ved." At the end of the sentence she is apt to breathe a little "yes." It is like a period, like a falling inflection, but it has a touch of music in it like the lingering vibration of the last note played on the piano.

She was in Siberia, where she had spent so many years of her life, when the Revolution came. She describes her release and her triumphal return to Petrograd and Moscow. Kerensky had sent a special order that she should not only be freed but that she should have comforts. Another well-known revolutionist sent her money for her trip home. She hired horses and drove three hundred versts to the railway. She got a good train. The officials of the road gave her a beautiful car for herself. In it she, who had traveled to Siberia between jailers, dwelt, traveled, and received the acclamations of her fellow-countrymen. Twenty thousand soldiers met her train at its first stop. She stayed at this place two days and spoke at the forums, the schools, and the colleges. When she went back to the train, soldiers lined the two miles between the hotel and the station, standing at attention as the Little Grandmother of the Revolution passed by in her carriage.

In Petrograd and Moscow, however, she found, when the first blaze of happiness had died down, that the spirit of the

young people of the *intelligentsia* was not what it had been. Not only had the Government executed and exiled many of the leaders of the revolution of 1905, and thereby both destroyed a certain quality of leadership and intimidated thought, but schools, colleges, organizations, were under stricter rule than ever before. Parents, too, had come to be afraid to have their children think too much, learn too much. She found the new generation—or so she thought—more selfish and more frivolous than the old. The intellectual young men and women were bent upon making their own careers; the less intellectual were absorbed in easy pleasures—in the movies, in skating, in reading light novels; "in foolishness," says Babushka, with a piquant hissing of s's and a half-humorous frown. Still, for the first weeks after her return she journeyed about freely, trying to rouse among the weaklings some of the fervor of enthusiasm with which she was so richly endowed. Among her peasants, among the "dark people" whom she so understands and loves and by whom she is so adored, she found a different and a better spirit.

It happened that her return to Petrograd from her journey through the country coincided with the overthrow of the Kerensky Government. She was met by friends who wanted her to go into hiding. All the Government ministers were reported to be under arrest, "except Babushka." With the aid of loyal friends, she remained hidden for six weeks, during which she wrote articles for the "Will of the People"—signed articles—but the Bolsheviks were unable to find out from what asylum she put them forth. And then when Petrograd became too dangerous she was spirited away to Moscow with other sympathizers of the Kerensky Government. How did she manage it?

"Ah, my child, that is a secret. All my life I have moved around in Russia, and no one has known how. I am an old revolutionist. Old revolutionists do not tell these things."

For more than six months Babushka remained in Moscow, hidden in two rooms with another revolutionist, a woman with whom she had been convicted forty-five years ago. Kerensky, as wise, apparently, in the secret ways of revolutionists as the two old women, eventually joined them there. While the newspapers were announcing his presence in London or Switzerland he was spending May and June in Moscow with Madame Breshkovsky and planning with her the organization of the Resurrection of Russia Society.

Shortly after Kerensky left Moscow Madame Breshkovsky and others of the old revolutionists went through the Volga region organizing their new society, organizing opposition to the Bolsheviks. "Every place we went," she declares, earnestly, "the people begged our protection against the Bolsheviks. We traveled six hundred versts until we came to Tuncie, in the Urals. It was in the hands of the Bolsheviks, as we knew, but we hoped that the conditions would not

be too hard. I had not been there for twenty-two years, and all the people were unknown to me. My situation became dangerous. What should I do? I decided to go and see the medical staff. A medical staff would be civilized. My foot was hurting me—I would see the doctor and find out if she was sympathetic. So I went to the woman physician, and as soon as I began to speak I saw that she was suspicious. She went to the telephone, and when she came back she said that I had better stay in her hospital, and that if I had any other 'sick' friends they had better come too. Thus we were saved. Five days afterwards a servant came into the room and told us that the Bolsheviks were running out of the town. After nightfall the Czechoslovaks came to the village, and we were free. The peasants came to us with bread and meat. There was dancing and music and a great festival. Again I had escaped."

In Babushka's eyes, while she was recounting her latest adventures, there was life and fire—enjoyment. Would she have missed something out of her home-coming if there had been no threatened danger, no underground messages, no hairbreadth escapes?

Not all of the charges current against the Bolsheviks, however, does she admit. The tale that made the blood of the women of America run hot and cold—that tale of "nationalization" of women—she laughed at with the impatient good nature of one who hates to be stopped in her war against real things to deliver a blow at imaginary ones.

"No!" she shook her leonine head vehemently, "nothing like that. Trust the Russian peasant for that! No, there is no such regulation. Some time, some places, maybe, bad peoples make badnesses. That is all. The Russian peasant, he will have his own wife, his own children. And in Russia, you know, almost all are peasants."

This wonderful old woman, who, to become grandmother to a whole nation, gave up her own family, believes in the family as fervently as any Italian peasant woman who knows no life beyond the young life in her arms and tugging at her skirts. No misgivings as to its stability in the new world order troubles her. She believes that its roots are in the very nature of the human race; she believes in the love of man for one mate, of a woman for one mate, believes that the happiness and glory of a woman are her children—"many, many children." And she opens her arms wide to give some measure of the abounding motherliness which she believes inherent in us.

It is for the children of Russia that she is here, and not primarily, as perhaps it has sometimes seemed for a minute or two, as a witness against the present rule in her own country. All her public speeches are for the four million children whom the war has orphaned in Russia. She is begging America to send, out of its riches, everything to these children. Not money merely, though money of course will be necessary. She wants

teachers, nurses, women doctors, settlement workers. She wants books. She wants instructors—men and women of every sort of craft and art as well as in book learning. In every city, near every town and village, she would have established a settlement where the orphan children of the district, to the number, perhaps, of five hundred or so, might be gathered together and taught—taught everything, kindness, truth, sobriety, industry, as well as the A B C's and all that follows after them. She wants to arouse not only a fervor of generosity, but the passion for service among our young men and women. We send missionaries out to the waste places of the earth, she says. Why not send missionaries to the Russian orphans? It will not be easy service. The comforts which surround American workers at home will be utterly lacking, but, even at that, conditions will not be what they are in Senegambia or Timbuctoo, and the reward of the service would be enough—a vital part in the building up, in the salvation, of a great nation.

She tells about the orphans as they are now. Some of them are in homes already overcrowded, already impoverished. Many are running wild upon the streets of the cities. They are beggars; they are what Babushka quaintly calls "speculators." By that she means little boys who buy packages of cigarettes or bundles of papers or what not and, by the aid of whining, cajolery, or petty thievery, endeavor to dispose of them again at a profit. Before the tremendous and immediate importance of this problem of the future of the war orphans of Russia even the settlement of Russia's political problems may well wait.

I tried to interest her in the political situation. I asked her if the state to which she looked forward in Russia after the present turmoil had quieted was a democracy of our sort. She answered briefly but convincingly. The state to which she looked forward—the state which she declares to be in existence now except for the civil war precipitated by those whom she regards as traitors—is not merely our democratic state, it is a Socialist state. There would be no buying or selling of land; land would belong to the people, and the state would insure each man his possession of his own piece. There would be absolute religious and political equality; there would be industrial democracy in so far as Russia is an industrial country. But Madame Breshkovsky does not forget to remind her interlocutor that Russia is still overwhelmingly an agricultural, instead of an industrial, country. She believes of course in the convening of a national assembly. The absolute equality of women is, naturally, axiomatic with this fine old revolutionist. She smilingly declares that women have in Russia a large measure of equality. The schools and professions have been open to the girls of the *intelligentsia* as well as to the boys; and among the working people certainly no inequality in labor prevails.

"And sometimes," she says, with a

twinkle, "a wife will beat her husband. Yes."

I asked her how it was that she, a woman of seventy-five, who had endured long years of the most cruel hardship and oppression, had come out of them with a vigor of mind and body which put to shame that of sheltered women of half her age. I wish that it were possible for me to give her answer in her own exact words, in her own voice, so that I could make you see her musing eyes as she looked at the bright wintry landscape flashing by outside the Pullman window. By the way, Madame Breshkovsky finds it "always a festival" to ride in the train in America and look out of the car window.

When I put that question to her about the power that kept her young and vigorous, she thought for a moment; she dreamed.

"I had," she said, "a happy childhood. Yes. As a child all went well with me. My father and my mother, they were good people. Strong of body, just in their minds, kind in their hearts. Never was there a base word spoken, never a base thing done. We lived on an estate in the country and my mother herself taught us. We were not allowed to be idle. Always there was occupation for us—our books, our piano, our drawing, our embroidery. Always we were taught to be kind. Sometimes people would come to see us—simple people, plain people, poor people. We children would be sent to entertain them. Sometimes we would protest. We would complain. We did not want to go. We were doing something else. But always my mother made us go and entertain these poor people, teaching us to be courteous and hospitable. Well, as I grew older the teaching stayed in my heart and it grew to be a bigger thing. I gathered the children of the peasants on the estate together. I had a little school. I taught them. From the time I was seventeen until I was twenty-five I did this work. And then—it was all stopped. I was not permitted to teach my peasants or to try to help them."

Thus the repression of a liberal movement became, as usual, the signal for the growth of a radical movement. The young woman, stopped in her kindly educational work, was inevitably drawn into the revolutionary movement. She had had three brothers and three sisters. Had any of them joined her?

"One sister, one only, was a—what do you call it? An idealist, like me. The others, the other brothers and sisters, they were very good people. My sister, the one I tell you of, died when she was twenty-six. The others lived and were, as I say, very good people—very honest, very upright, harming no person, letting no person harm them. But not like me and my sister. Not idealists."

She struggled to convey her idea yet more clearly to me. Her face brightened.

"Good people, like the English," she finally epitomized her kinsfolk. "But I kept on with my revolutionary work. My mother has told me that she hoped I would be a boy. When I was little, I used

sometimes to feel angered, hurt, that my mother should have wished me to be not myself, but a boy. But now I sometimes think that maybe all those months she hoped I was going to be a boy gave me something strong, something inflexible, so that I did not bend before hardship and difficulty; so that I could be truly a revolutionist. Maybe the heart of the girl that longed to do things would not have been enough but for that other thing that my mother put into me, those months when she was wishing me to be a boy."

She mused again upon the mystery of life and purpose and temperament. Then she came back.

"In my mother's sitting-room," she told me, "there was a book. I used to look at the pictures before I had learned to read. Afterwards when I could read I read it again and again. It was the story of a young girl in Rome. Barbara was her name. She was the daughter of a noble, but she became a convert to Christianity—St. Barbara. Well, her father was building a great, beautiful marble bath, and one day Barbara went in to see it. There were but two windows. She asked the workmen why they had not made three. They answered her that her father had ordered only two. She bade them put in a third window, that each person in the Trinity might have due honor. By and by she persuaded them. When her father discovered the third window, he asked the workmen why they had made it. They told him that his daughter Barbara had so ordered. He asked her why. She told him that she was a Christian, and that God was three persons in one, and that therefore she had wanted the three windows made. He bade her to recant, and she would not. He ordered her flogged. There was a picture in the book in my mother's sitting-room that showed that lovely young Roman girl enduring it to be flogged. She did not recant. Her father ordered more tortures. Her breast was burned. She did not recant. Always, always, throughout my whole life, I have remembered that Roman girl who was so strong. Always when I remembered her I knew that I must never be weak. That book in my mother's room, my father and my mother who taught me to be kind, to be busy, to speak the truth—"

Babushka's wonderful eyes swam in tears as she brought them back to me from the flying landscape outside. "Sometimes, even now," she told me, "when I am hard pressed, or wavering, I still call to them. I remember the Roman girl who was so strong. I whisper to my parents: 'Father, mother, come and aid me.'"

And there you have her, the dreaming idealist who has always held in her heart the vision of that lovely young Roman martyr; the woman of tenderest, devoutest family love; the heroic plotter. And what could be more touching than that at the end of so many years she should come back to the beginning—that she remembers her parents with loving fervor, that she works for her country's orphaned little ones?

WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

BY J. MADISON GATHANY, A.M.

HOPE STREET HIGH SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Based on *The Outlook* of May 7, 1919

Each week an Outline Study of Current History based on the preceding number of *The Outlook* will be printed for the benefit of current events classes, debating clubs, teachers of history and of English, and the like, and for use in the home and by such individual readers as may desire suggestions in the serious study of current history.—THE EDITORS.

[Those who are using the weekly outline should not attempt to cover the whole of an outline in any one lesson or study. Assign for one lesson selected questions, one or two propositions for discussion, and only such words as are found in the material assigned. Or distribute selected questions among different members of the class or group and have them report their findings to all when assembled. Then have all discuss the questions together.]

I—INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: The Fiume-Dalmatian Dispute; Fiume and the League of Nations.

Reference: Pages 7, 12, 14-16.

Questions:

1. For what reasons is President Wilson opposed to the assigning of Fiume and territory on the Dalmatian coast to Italy?
2. The Prime Minister of Italy has received a mandate from the people of Italy backing him up in his position on the Fiume-Dalmatian question. Do you think President Wilson would receive a similar mandate from the American people backing him up in his position on this question? Reasons.
3. What facts does *The Outlook* give about the two parties—Italy and Yugoslavia—to this controversy? (See page 14.)
4. What facts does it also give about Fiume and Dalmatia?
5. Explain the Pact of London and the Pact of Rome.
6. Give the Yugoslav arguments in this dispute.
7. Make out a list also of the Italian arguments.
8. In your opinion, which side has the better claim in reference to the disputed territory? Discuss.
9. What does *The Outlook* think of President Wilson assuming the right to decide the question at issue between Italy and Yugoslavia?
10. Discuss, with reasons, whether, in your opinion, the attitude and action of President Wilson in this controversy has as important a bearing upon the project for the League of Nations as *The Outlook* in its editorial on page 12 says it has.
11. Do you think President Wilson should have left this Adriatic question alone? Tell why or why not.
12. You will do well to read "South-eastern Europe," by V. R. Savic (Revell), and "The Yugoslav Movement," by R. J. Kemer (Harvard University Press).

B. Topic: The New Covenant of the League of Nations; American Opinion on the League.

Reference: Page 8.

Questions:

1. How do you explain the fact that President Wilson has changed his mind regarding the proposed plan of the League of Nations?
2. What are the important changes and modifications in the League Covenant?
3. Discuss why these changes do or do not meet with your approval. Be definite.
4. What are the opinions and arguments of those who are still irreconcilable to the new League Covenant?
5. Discuss whether some more appropriate place than Geneva might have been

chosen as the capital of the League.

6. How many nations are charter members of the League and how many have been invited to join it? Make out the list of the rest of the nations in the world. Give reasons why, in your opinion, these have been left out.
7. On what condition are new nations to be admitted to the proposed League? What would be "effective guarantees of their intention and capacity to conform to the principles and regulations of the League"?
8. Discuss: "The new Covenant of the League is not English, French, Italian, or American. It is the fruit of the whole world's resolve to make peace secure."

C. Topic: Disintegrating Germany; Germany; Slacker Among Nations; What the World Owes Germany.

Reference: Pages 17-20; 12, 13.

Questions:

1. What are Mr. Mason's reasons for believing that the Germans know they are beaten?
2. Do you agree with Mr. Mason when he says that if Germany "should be allowed to build a fleet and an army greater than the fleet and army just dismantled, the world need never fear her again as it feared her before"?
- Discuss.
3. Make several comparisons between what Mr. Green and Mr. Mason say about Germany and conditions in Germany.
4. The Peace Conference has decided to allow foodstuffs to go into Germany. Discuss whether this decision is wise.
5. What, in your opinion, are some of the things Germany really needs to learn?
6. What, according to *The Outlook*, does the world not owe Germany?
7. Does the world owe Germany anything? Discuss at length.
8. Outline a system of discipline for the Germans. Discuss whether it is possible to punish them sufficiently for what they have done.

II—PROPOSITIONS FOR DISCUSSION

(These propositions are suggested directly or indirectly by the subject-matter of *The Outlook*, but not discussed in it.)

1. William II should be executed in the same manner as was Charles I, King of England.
2. President Wilson should ask Postmaster-General Burleson to resign.

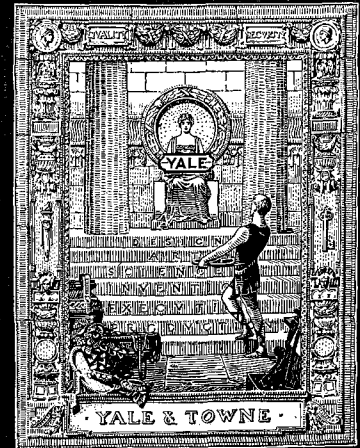
III—VOCABULARY BUILDING

(All of the following words and expressions are found in *The Outlook* for May 7, 1919. Both before and after looking them up in the dictionary or elsewhere, give their meaning in your own words. The figures in parentheses refer to pages on which the words may be found.)

Conciliation, arbitration, compromise (12); a country, a people, a nation, a state, autonomy, pact (14); hinterland (15); blatantly, temporize (18); ban, *ad infinitum* (19); *entrepreneur*, simulate, neurasthenia (20).

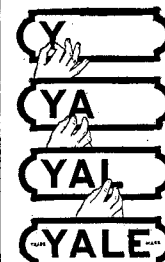
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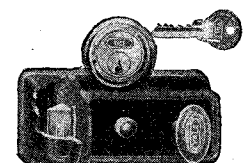
While it is true that this business has grown because it has prospered, it is equally true that it has prospered because it has grown.

Henry R. Towne
Chairman of the Board

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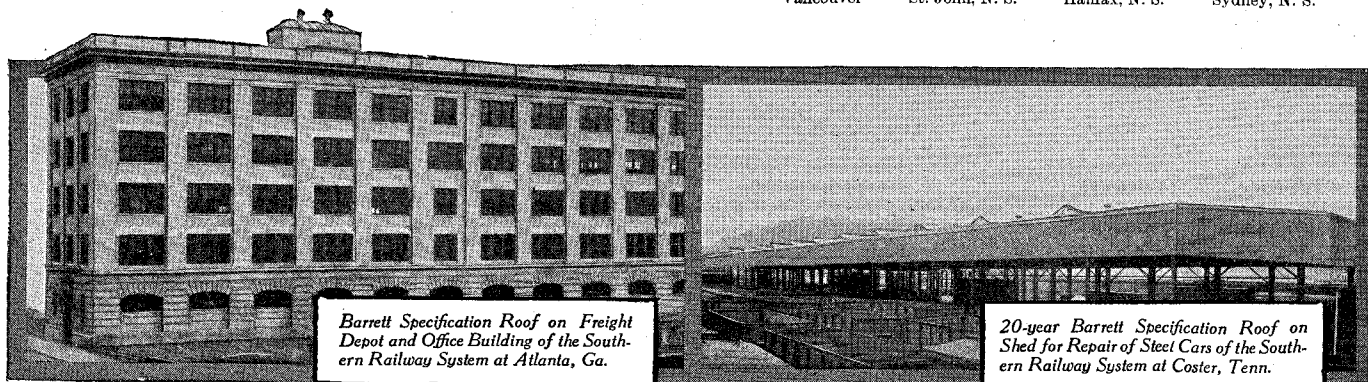
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THE NEW BOOKS

This Department will include descriptive notes, with or without brief comments, about books received by The Outlook. Many of the important books will have more extended and critical treatment later

FICTION

Big Flat. By Henry Oyen. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

A capital story of a determined young farmer's fight with the land and for the land, and against a land corporation which attempts to buy him out, drive him out, or drown him out. How he rallied his slow-thinking, unresourceful neighbors into an association and how they won out makes an inspiring tale even if it does involve a little lynch law against inanimate objects. The story is dramatic, moves rapidly, and is far from being socially preachy. It has the essence of American independence in its spirit.

Flower o' the Lily. By Baroness Orczy. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

A mediæval tale of France, the scene of which is Cambrai, now so famous as a war center. It is of the "sword and cloak" order, with chivalry, romance, loyalty, and love, all involved in adventure and war.

Glenmornan. By Patrick MacGill. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

A graphic, visualized picture of a remote and poor little Irish district which yet has romance and passion and humor in abundance.

I've Come to Stay. By Mary Heaton Vorse. The Century Company, New York.

Greenwich Village and its inhabitants are here laughed at, but affectionately; and there is glamour, if not about the place, yet surely about the young people here described. Especially a perverse, precocious, and passionately enthusiastic little girl remains a distinct memory. The little tale has charm and appeal.

Jervaise Comedy (The). By J. D. Beresford. The Macmillan Company, New York.

A gentle, quietly entertaining story of English country life. The situations and complications attending and following a half-executed but abandoned elopement are novel and the play of character and purpose is spirited. It is not one of Mr. Beresford's biggest books, but it has quality and refinement of tone.

Nomads of the North. By James Oliver Curwood. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City.

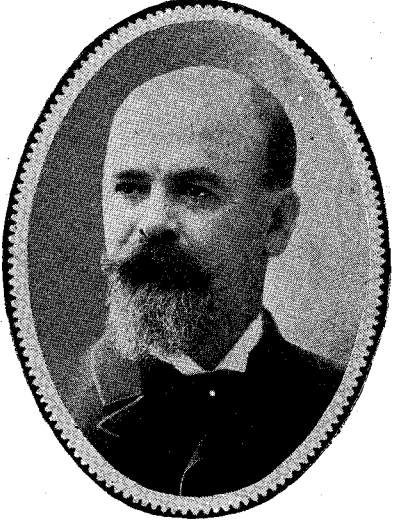
A capital tale of the adventures of a lost and orphaned baby bear and a puppy dog in similar plight who join their fortunes and struggle together for existence.

Undeclared (The). By J. C. Snaith. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

No sweeter-natured story has grown out of the war. The ennobling influence of devotion and courage on men and women ordinarily narrow and dull, or aggressive and boastful, is developed quietly, simply, yet most impressively. Hollis, the weak, rather soddan little greengrocer, a total failure in life, becomes a stern soldier, and a latent idealism makes him a blood-brother to the famous painter who fights by his side and dies in his arms. So with the hard, cross, hopeless Mrs. Hollis; she becomes actually human, and her feeling for her husband changes from cold indifference to something like romance. So too, with Hollis's overbearing rich father-in-law, who rules the town and all in it; he becomes sympathetic, helpful, and now works for his country as forcefully as before for himself. Mr. Snaith has handled his people and

BEEMAN'S

ORIGINAL PEPSIN CHEWING GUM

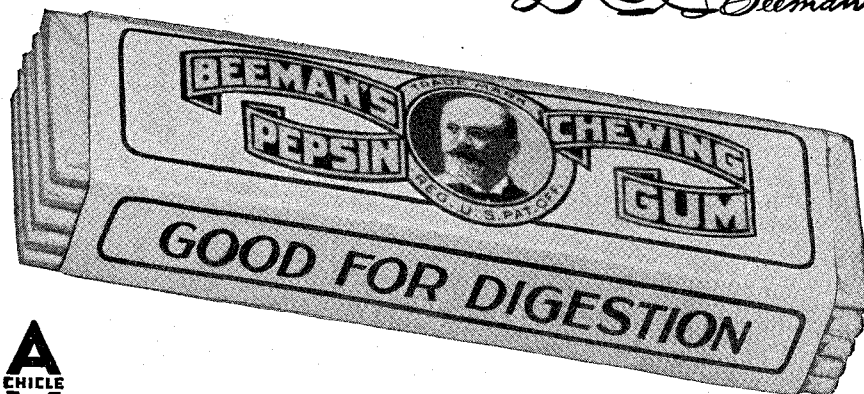


SLEEPLESSNESS, irritation and nervous let-down are conditions that often arise from slight forms of indigestion.

The speed at which we live, and the high tension under which we work are largely responsible for the lack of care we give both to the selection of our food and its proper mastication.

I have found in my own personal practice that chewing my Original Pepsin Gum ten minutes after each meal frequently relieves these conditions.

Dr. E. E. Beeman



AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY

New York

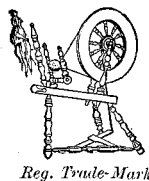
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Dinner Napkins, \$8.75, 9.00, 10.00, 10.50 the dozen and up.

Table Cloths, 2x2 yds., \$7.00, 7.25, 8.00, 8.50, 9.50, 10.50 each and up.

Table Cloths, 2x2½ yds., \$8.50, 8.75, 9.50, 10.00, 12.00 each and up.

(Other sizes at proportionate prices.)

LOT No. 2 comprises a good variety of Cream and half-bleached Irish Damask, which we very strongly recommend as being especially suitable for hard use. Nothing could be better for the bungalow and the country home, where moderation in price is desired.

Each washing adds to the appearance of these Linens and tones them to an attractive silver grey. If dried in the sun, these cloths will eventually turn white.

The quantities are limited; therefore we urge our Patrons to make their purchases as promptly as possible.

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WAR BOOKS

Air Men o' War. By Boyd Cable. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

The work of the airmen sketched in semi-fiction form with animation and knowledge.

Bulwark Against Germany (A). By Bogumil Vosnjak, L.L.D. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.

This volume instructs us about that branch of the Slavs which, curiously enough, seems the least known—the Slovenes. They number approximately fifteen hundred thousand souls; they live in the Hinterland of Triest and in Istria. The present volume explains their historical, political, social, and economical evolution, and abundantly shows that, as the westernmost branch of the Yugoslavs, they do indeed constitute a bulwark against Germany.

Grand Fleet (The) 1914-1916. Its Creation, Development, and Work. By Admiral Viscount Jellicoe of Scapa, C.C.B., O.M., G.C.V.O. Illustrated. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

We have already spoken editorially of this important contribution to naval history. Some of Admiral Jellicoe's disclosures about the battle of Jutland not only justify his own tactics as commander, but make England's undoubted victory in that battle even more creditable because the disparity between the two fleets at that time and place was less than has been supposed. The chapter on Kitchener and his last days is particularly interesting.

Lilies, White and Red. By Frances Wilson Huard. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

Stories and sketches of the people of France, written in appreciation of their faith and steadfastness in sorrow and suffering.

Way to Victory (The). By Philip Gibbs. 2 vols. Vol. I—The Menace; Vol. II—The Repulse. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

In these volumes Mr. Gibbs describes some of the darkest hours and also the most triumphant ones of the war. His chapters bring the reader close to the scene of battle; they are full of detail and require close reading to get the picture of the conflict as a whole, but they have the swing and intensity of interest of a story by the man who writes while the action is hot, who tells his experience out of a full heart and mind, and who has a fine command of all the resources of vivid description.

World War and Its Consequences (The). By William Herbert Hobbs. Introduction by Theodore Roosevelt. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Last autumn Theodore Roosevelt said that if he could choose only one book concerning the war to be put in the hands of every man and woman in the United States he would choose the present volume. Professor Hobbs states the conditions that have made Germany a menace to the world and also the conditions that led to our failure to act as we should have done during the first years of the war, and what is most needed in order that we may perform our National and international duty. The information and frank opinions given in these pages are evidently inspired by Mr. Roosevelt's conviction that "a half truth may be the veriest falsehood." We are glad that a chapter was added giving some account of the Bolshevik menace.

[Advertisement]

High Blood Pressure —Hardened Arteries —How to Remedy

By R. L. ALSAKER, M.D.

(Specialist in Health Conservation)



R. L. ALSAKER, M.D.
Founder and Director
THE ALSAKER WAY

Dear Doctor Alsaker :

Last week I had two severe shocks. One of my friends had a stroke of apoplexy and is now in a very serious condition ; another one dropped dead. Both of them are a little past fifty, and both of them have suffered from high blood pressure for some time. I am anxious because I too am past fifty, and my blood pressure runs from 190 to over 200. From time to time I have discomfort in the region of the heart and pains in the head.

A third friend tells me that he followed your directions and recovered. He is active and looks healthy, but I can hardly believe this, for my physicians—and they are good ones—have informed me that high blood pressure can not be reduced. Please write me frankly by return mail. I want to linger here a while longer.

F. R. M.

The condition mentioned in this letter is very common among men past the age of forty-five. This is a case of hardening of the arteries (arteriosclerosis) with high blood pressure. An examination nearly always shows more or less Bright's disease, and this is generally caused by the excessive pressure, which forces the albumin through the kidneys.

The pain in the region of the heart is due to the over-worked condition of the heart, which is often aggravated by gas in the stomach and the bowels. The pain in the head is caused partly by the excessive pressure of the blood, and partly by accumulations of waste in the body.

Many physicians give nitro-glycerin to lower the excessive blood pressure, but this is useless, for though the pressure is temporarily reduced, it returns again.

The condition described is dangerous because if allowed to continue the patient will usually expire from apoplexy of the brain, or heart failure; sometimes death comes through Bright's disease, with its accompanying uremia.

Is the condition curable? It is in the majority of cases. Nearly everybody believes that hardened arteries with high blood pressure is a fatal affliction. And it is, if it is treated in the old way with drugs and a superabundance of food. If it is treated correctly, that is, in accordance with the laws of nature, at least four out of five will recover. Their

arteries may not become quite as soft as they should be ; their blood pressure may not return to the ideal point ; but they will recover to such an extent that they have neither aches nor pains, nor are they in any further danger from apoplexy or heart disease. They will recover so completely that they can live to be old—far older than three score years and ten—and they can be so healthy that they can't feel anything wrong. And what more can they ask ?

In most of these cases correct treatment will reduce the blood pressure from twenty to thirty points the first month. After that the reduction is slower.

If this is true, why don't most doctors and many laymen know it? Because both physicians and lay individuals are looking for cures from pills, powders and potions, aided by serums and operations. And these means will not work in cases of high blood pressure.

The correct way, which is Nature's way, is so simple and reasonable that very few have discovered it to date. It consists of living so that the hardening process stops immediately, and then the blood pressure begins to decrease. Usually the patient is out of danger in a few weeks.

So if you would overcome high blood pressure and soften arteries that are too hard you will have to learn how to use your lungs to get plenty of fresh air ;

how to drink the right kind of liquids so as to aid in washing the impurities out of the body ; how to eat the best of foods in the best way, so that these foods will build health instead of producing disease ; and how to give the body good general care in every way.

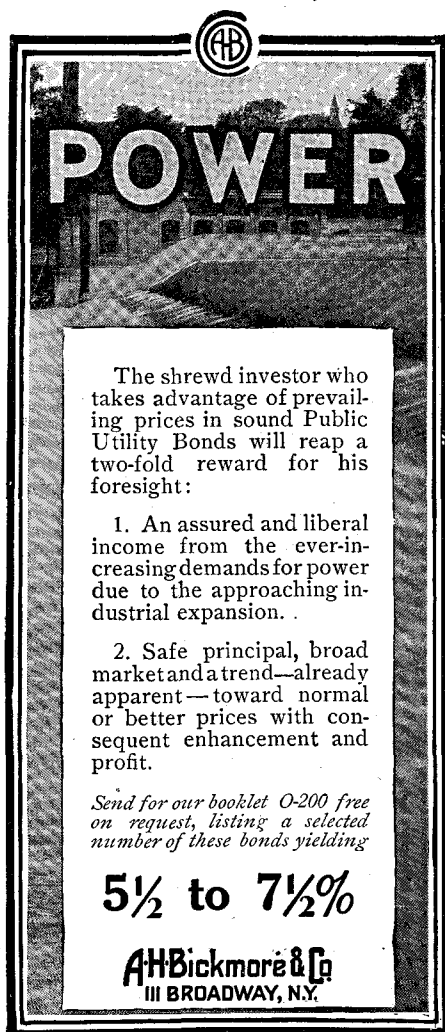
There are exceptions who can not recover. This is because they have abused themselves so long that either the kidneys have failed beyond recovery, or the heart valves or heart walls have been too much injured, or the walls of the arteries themselves have become as brittle as chalk in spots. But the vast majority—at least four out of five on the average—can get into such good condition that they can truly say that they are enjoying good health.

I have had patrons who were continually dizzy ; who had surging of the blood to the head ; who had daily headaches ; who had oppression in the region of the heart (precordial pain) ; who were so short of breath that they could not walk upstairs, nor could they walk as much as a block without resting—yes, individuals with as bad symptoms as that have recovered very good health after they had been told by competent physicians that nothing could be done for their hardened arteries and high blood pressure.

Nature performs wonders if you give her a chance. If you are truly interested, read the publisher's announcement following this article.

Publisher's Announcement and Personal Guarantee—R. L. Alsaker, M.D., is a new type of physician. He specializes in health and teaches those who come to him for advice how to live so that disease will vanish. He has written several health-building handbooks that explain the cause of disease and show the sick how to recover. One of the most important is "Curing Diseases of Heart and Arteries." This book is really a course of instructions on the correct home treatment of Heart Disease, Hardened Arteries, High Blood Pressure and Apoplexy. It gives specific advice on the care of the body and the proper foods to eat to produce a cure. All forms of heart disease are discussed and a correct home treatment prescribed. It is marvelous what the common foods will do for the sick when properly combined and intelligently eaten. Send \$2.10 for "Curing Diseases of the Heart and Arteries." Follow the doctor's advice regarding the care of the body and especially **The Alsaker Way** of food combining and eating, for 30 days. If you are fully satisfied with the good results obtained keep the book ; otherwise return it and I will refund your money. George G. Porter, a prominent business man of Syracuse, N. Y., writes, "Measured by the usual fees charged by physicians for a single consultation and prescription, Dr. Alsaker's health-building handbooks are worth \$50 to \$100 each." Mr. Porter has purchased and distributed among sick people more than 200 copies of The Alsaker Handbooks.

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AMERICA'S OBLIGATION AND OPPORTUNITY

DURING the past four years the financial status of each and every country has experienced a great transmutation, but the conversion was so gradual and modified, as each phase was supplanted by another, that now as we look about us we perceive a complete transformation. Probably the most intricate problem confronting us to-day is the relation in its financial aspect that the United States bears to the rest of the world.

Before we can develop our foreign trade we must create foreign credits and amplify our foreign financial plans and agreements. We have become a creditor nation, and a large part of the world's gold is held within our boundaries. The ratio of exports over imports has constantly increased from about one-half a billion to over three and one-half billions, and probably the question of greatest import to-day is how Europe is to pay us for the commodities we are shipping and will continue to ship to her in ever-increasing amounts. She must be given credit and more credit, for she cannot pay in gold; without injuring our own industries we must buy from Europe everything possible, for we cannot export to her if we do not accept and encourage her importation, so that one may balance the other to some extent. Europe is again to become our customer, and what a distressed and complicated plight she is in!

Russia and the Central Empires present grave problems indeed, for a world which has been engaged in destruction for the past four years necessarily finds it difficult to turn at once to the business of formative construction and lucrative production. Readjustment cannot come in a few weeks under the burden of enormous debts, after so long a period of unproductiveness, when wealth has been diminishing at a terrific rate of speed. The remarkable forced exertion of strength and energy which has been expended on mutual destructiveness must now be applied to and concentrated upon the upbuilding of the industrial activity of each of the contestants. What really amounts, in some cases, to a peaceful internal revolution exists throughout the world to-day, and this may be approached in only the most delicate manner; only time can adjust this feeling of unrest satisfactorily to all concerned.

When we are confronted by the many complex phases of the financial conditions of the countries to which we must lend credit, upon which we must depend for reimbursement for the goods we shall ship abroad, it is indeed confusing if not discouraging. The countries of Europe owe us to-day about ten billion dollars, but we must finance them, however black the situation may appear. We must supply them with raw materials, and we can expect to supply them with credits for some time to come. Supplying credits to Europe means, to a large extent, buying its securities, but to accomplish this they must be made attractive to the investor, after a campaign of education has been waged to accustom the investing public to the idea. The sooner we realize that this task must be met, the better for the world of commerce; for it is our duty and our opportunity to supply the means for Europe to re-establish herself, to feed her people and give work to her men, and at such time as these starved peoples shall feel assured that their hungry bodies will be fed we may confidently expect a diminishing tendency toward social

unrest and lawlessness. We must help them to help themselves, feed them now so that they may later supply their own wants from their own labors. We must aid them to regain their old spirit of hope, and this is perhaps our most difficult task.

The people of Europe must be endowed with energy and animation; whereas some have a great deal, in others it is practically benumbed or dead. Let America set the example and back this up by her enormous wealth, to enable the weak to regain a working foothold. We have come away victorious, and, if for no other motive than selfishness, we cannot afford to withhold helping hands, for we cannot hope to prosper and enjoy a state of well-being undisturbed if humanity, expressed in millions, lives in a state of anarchy and distress. This international problem is one for every American to consider and attempt to solve. It is a problem for each one of us; complex and intricate, to be sure, but not beyond us if we attack it with the purpose of mastering it.

The productive capacity of this great country has been expanded by the war, far beyond our former vision. What shall we do to take care of this expansion? Create new markets for our goods and increase the potentialities of our former channels of trade; and in attempting both of these we may expect the keenest competition. Economic waste and inefficiency will have to be reduced to a minimum, goods must be standardized, and the art of buying and the science of selling more carefully studied and developed. The cost of production and transportation will become more vital elements than ever before. Our constantly growing merchant marine must be able to compete with foreign ship-owners to an extent it has never been, able to before. Whatever questions may arise, it is certain that the financial and industrial power of America will be drawn on to its full extent if order is to be obtained from present chaotic conditions.

If America is to hold her position of industrial and financial leadership, we must become investors not only in our own Government bonds, but in foreign securities as well. Europeans now own fewer American securities, and consequently have lost the lucrative income they formerly enjoyed from them. It is estimated that between \$2,000,000,000 and \$2,500,000,000 of American paper was held abroad, and \$2,000,000,000 more was lent to Europe before we entered the conflict. Since that time about \$8,000,000,000 in the form of loans has been advanced to the Allies. We hold about one-third of the total gold coin and bullion of the world, and we have an enormous trade balance in our favor. We do not want more gold, and we cannot hope for some time to buy from Europe any quantity of her goods which could materially reduce this trade balance; therefore how can we hope to obtain a settlement from Europe of her indebtedness to us unless we shall establish foreign credits in the shape of collaterally secured loans?

These must be made interesting to the American investor, for, if the private investor does not buy, the financial institutions will be forced to; and the same arguments which hold against the policy of overloading the banks with our own Liberty Bonds exist to possibly a greater extent in regard to foreign obligations in order that America may hold the position she now



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America's Obligation and Opportunity (Continued)

holds; for it is generally recognized that whatever affects the prosperity or happiness of one nation affects in some degree the prosperity and happiness of other nations. It is to the benefit of all that each nation be as prosperous as possible. American capital invested abroad will perform an invaluable service by helping other peoples to help themselves. This is a humanitarian work and a patriotic duty as well as good business; for do we not wish our flag admired and respected in the field of commerce as it has been honored and victorious on the battlefields of Europe?

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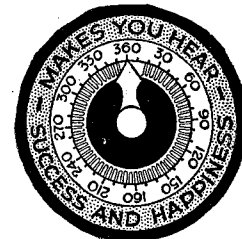
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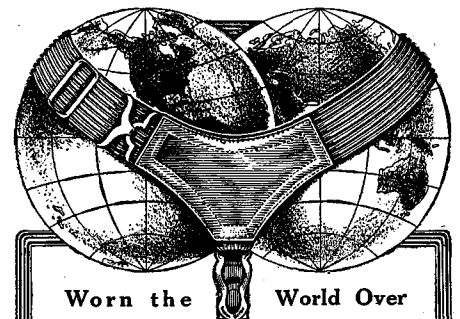
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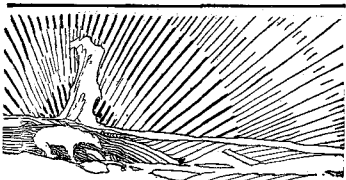
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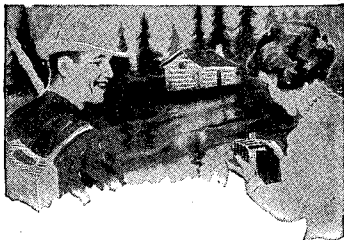
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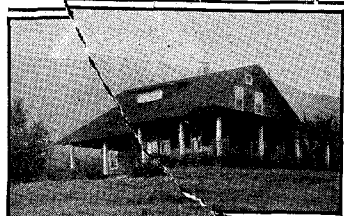
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Golf, tennis, boating, bathing, fishing. Furnished complete. Near Glenburnie Inn. E. B. WALTON, Glenburnie-on-Lake George, N. Y.

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AN OPPORTUNITY for vacation on Cape Cod in return for help in management of household and small salary. Only helpful, orderly, and cheerful person need apply. 6,889, Outlook.

WANTED—Young lady as companion. One who can read aloud and, if necessary, occasionally drive an automobile. 6,883, Outlook.

WANTED—Child's nurse for two boys, 3 years and 15 months. Please state experience and wages required. Mrs. P. C. Staley, Geneva, N. Y.

WANTED—Companion for elderly lady. Some knowledge of nursing necessary. Location Niagara Falls, N. Y.

EXCEPTIONAL. Middle-aged colored woman, experienced cook, to take charge of small house in lovely village. Two in family. Good wages. Unusually good home for right person. Answer, with references, Box 461, Spring Lake, N. J.

Teachers and Governesses

IF available for teaching position anywhere in United States or foreign countries, write Ernest Olp, Steger Building, Chicago.

WANTED—French governess for Colorado family with three children. Please give references, age, qualifications, and salary expected when replying. 740 Emerson St., Denver, Colorado.

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools. Calls coming every day. Send for circulars. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.

GOVERNESSES, cafeteria managers, dietitians, matrons, housekeepers. Miss Richards, Box 5, East Side Station, Providence, R. I.

WANTED in New Haven, Conn., experienced French, English, or American governess for two boys of 3½ and 6½ years. Physical care, teaching. References. 6,874, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

PHYSICIAN (reputable woman) would travel with patient or supervise girls' camp. P. O. Box 226, White Plains, N. Y.

Business Situations

YOUNG man with life experience wants position as assistant or superintendent in institution for homeless or delinquent children. 6,894, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—Position as companion or tutor by young lady, college graduate. Good references. 6,881, Outlook.

BY THE WAY

"A ship's name," says "Shipping," "should be a short word, to facilitate cabling, signaling, phoning, sighting at sea, and remembrance. It should be spelled easily and be pronounceable by illiterate persons. A large proportion of the names listed on the Shipping Board's Register fail to meet these conditions. Among the names listed are many like 'Osawatomie,' 'Sagadahoc,' 'West Loquassuck,' and 'Lake Ypsilanti.'" The point seems a good one, but many famous ships have had difficult names. The warship to which Napoleon surrendered was the Bellerophon, nicknamed the "Bully Ruffian" by British sailors; the *Téméraire* was another famous British war-vessel; the *Bonhomme Richard* was Paul Jones's flagship; and the *Constitution* and the *Guerrière* are hardly to be classed as examples of simple nomenclature.

At a trial for assault and battery, "Harper's Magazine" says, a Southern dandy testified that the man who was knocked down lay on the ground five minutes. The opposing lawyer tried to discredit the witness, and, pulling out his watch, asked the Negro to tell him when five minutes had elapsed. The witness told him correctly. The astonished lawyer later asked for an explanation. "Why, boss," was the reply, "I jest figured it out." "But how?" "Why, by de clock on de wall behind you, sah."

Merit does not always give a man a place in the encyclopædias, or, if he does get in, assure correctness in describing his fame. Thomas Pringle, author of the poem "Afar in the Desert," which is printed in almost every anthology and which Coleridge considered "among the two or three most perfect lyric poems in our language," has only a casual reference in the greatest British cyclopædia, none in the latest American cyclopædia, and in another American cyclopædia his famous poem is called "A Farm in the Desert."

A hospital doctor writes in the "Ontario Post" that one of his patients had had the flu. He was seen walking around wearily. When he was asked what was wrong, he said: "Ah done had de Spanish flu." "That so?" he was asked; "what is the Spanish flu like, Sam?" "The flu," said Sam, "don't you-all know what de flu is? Why, it's a disease dat makes you sick six months after you gets well."

A grim-faced matron approached the window at the bank, says the story-teller

of the "Typographic Messenger," and said: "I want to know how much money my husband drew out of the bank last week." "I am sorry, but I cannot give you this information," was the answer. "Well, the impudence!" snapped the woman; "aren't you the Paying Teller?" "I am, madam," was the calm reply; "but I am not the Telling Payer."

"You think Oriental rugs are a luxury and bought only by the rich?" said a New York City retail dealer in rugs the other day. "Why, a colored woman living in a rear tenement came in here not long ago and bought a hundred-dollar rug. She had the money with her, too. I was astonished, I admit. But you see she had no doubt lived as a cook in a fine house and had acquired the taste for good things."

"When I was a cub printer on the Moberly 'Daily Monitor,'" says a correspondent of the "American Printer," "the office rule was to abbreviate the names of States. An overly-dressed woman pranced in on us one day and wanted to know who gave in the information that she was 'colored folks.' No one could explain the mystery until she pointed an accusing finger at the line: 'The newcomers are Col. folks, and we bespeak for them a hearty welcome in our city.' We merely meant that they came from Colorado, but she insisted we had slandered her. After that we printed State names in full."

Among first editions treasured by a New York bibliophile are fifty-six volumes of Captain Mayne Reid's stories. Even this portentous list of the prolific author's works is not complete. "Afloat in the Forest," originally published in that favorite magazine of the boys and girls of yesteryear, "Our Young Folks," and "Odd People," are not included. Captain Reid was of Irish birth, but he came to the United States as a young man and served in the Mexican War. His first book, "The Rifle Rangers," was based on his experiences in that war. His books are still in demand in the libraries.

An American unused to court etiquette was invited, just before the war, says "Collier's," to dine with a German prince. A glittering flunky presented a silver plate to him just before the *hors-d'œuvres* were served. He blushed, fumbled in his pockets, then said to himself, "I have nothing but a ten-dollar note, but I don't think any German dinner is worth ten dollars," so he let the plate pass. He then discovered that

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the plate was intended to receive the white gloves that he ought to have worn!

Nemesis, or whatever we may call the fatality of natural causes, seems to lie in wait for every inattentive human being. Here is a strange example: At Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, a passenger train, according to the "Railway Age," was recently derailed near a grain elevator. The locomotive knocked down a part of the wall of the building, causing the rupture of several grain bins. The resulting avalanche of grain overwhelmed the engine and two cars, and the engineman, fireman, and one other man were smothered to death.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers
REFINED Christian woman, widow, desires a position as companion or chaperon. Excellent references. 6,878, Outlook.

REFINED young woman desires position as companion or governess, preferably near Boston. Accomplished pianist. References exchanged. 6,882, Outlook.

YOUNG lady, Canadian born and educated, graduate New York Babies' Hospital, several years' New York experience, desires position as nurse or governess. One or two children over four years. 6,892, Outlook.

WELL bred competent woman desires position as housekeeper-companion. Elderly couple preferred. Best references. 6,893, Outlook.

ATTRACTIVE college girl, competent teacher, as companion or tutor. References exchanged. Will travel. June 15. 6,897, Outlook.

POSITION as housekeeper where help is kept by lady of experience. Would do marketing and planning of meals. Country preferred. C. 3,815 Magnolia, St. Louis, Missouri.

GENTLEWOMAN of education desires position as companion; would travel. 6,899, Outlook.

AMERICAN lady as companion-helper, fond of home duties, experienced in nursing. Capable of taking charge of correspondence. Good needlewoman. Best references. 6,905, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers
PRIMARY teacher wishes summer position as companion or governess. Travel, country, or seashore. 6,901, Outlook.

YOUNG man, refined, college graduate, teacher several years, musical, traveled extensively, would like position as traveling companion. 6,831, Outlook.

CULTURED lady, having closed her own home, desires position as companion in refined family. Small child preferred. 6,903, Outlook.

COLLEGE woman, experienced, will accept following positions: chaperon, housemother in seminary, camp mother, traveling companion for elderly people. 6,898, Outlook.

YOUNG woman, college graduate, high school teacher, desires position as companion or secretary (typist). Would travel. 6,906, Outlook.

COMPANION—Refined lady, good linguist, nursing experience. Would travel. References. 6,908, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

TUTOR, governess, or companion by college teacher of French. 6,885, Outlook.

VASSAR woman tutor, English, history, Latin, pianist, wishes position June to October. 6,886, Outlook.

NATIVE French teacher (young man, 36), now teaching in an academy, wishes position during summer vacation with family or institution. 6,853, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED, by Princeton undergraduate, summer position as tutor; can teach piano also. References. Address, with terms, etc., Jameson S. Slocum, 31 N. Edwards, Princeton University, Princeton, N. J.

EXPERIENCED primary teacher desires position as governess or companion to small children during summer months; loves children; very successful; excellent references. 6,902, Outlook.

HIGH school domestic art teacher desires summer position. Girls' camp or school. 6,895, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED woman teacher will take one or more children to country for summer, provide tennis, golf, swimming, riding, or will take position as tutor or companion from June first. Highest social references. 6,853, Outlook.

KINDERGARTNER, New York graduate, young, experienced, desires private school position, fall term. Best references. 6,866, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED teacher, young, athletic, desires light summer position as companion or tutor. Normal pupils, under fourteen. Seashore or mountains. Teacher, 833 Lake St., Newark, N. J.

WELL educated young woman, 34, capable of assuming entire charge of children, wants position as governess, social secretary, companion. Excellent training in dancing. Excellent references. 6,909, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

YOUNG college teacher going to her farm in Minnesota for summer will take delicate child to build up. THE best of care and a happy vacation assured. 6,891, Outlook.

"MILITANT PHILOSOPHY"—Essays on Love, War, Diplomacy; the relation between domestic, civil, and martial law. Send 25 cents to Frank Marlin, 232 W. First St., San Pedro, Cal.

EXCELLENT care given backward or invalid girl under twelve. Pleasant home in country village on central New York lake. 6,900, Outlook.

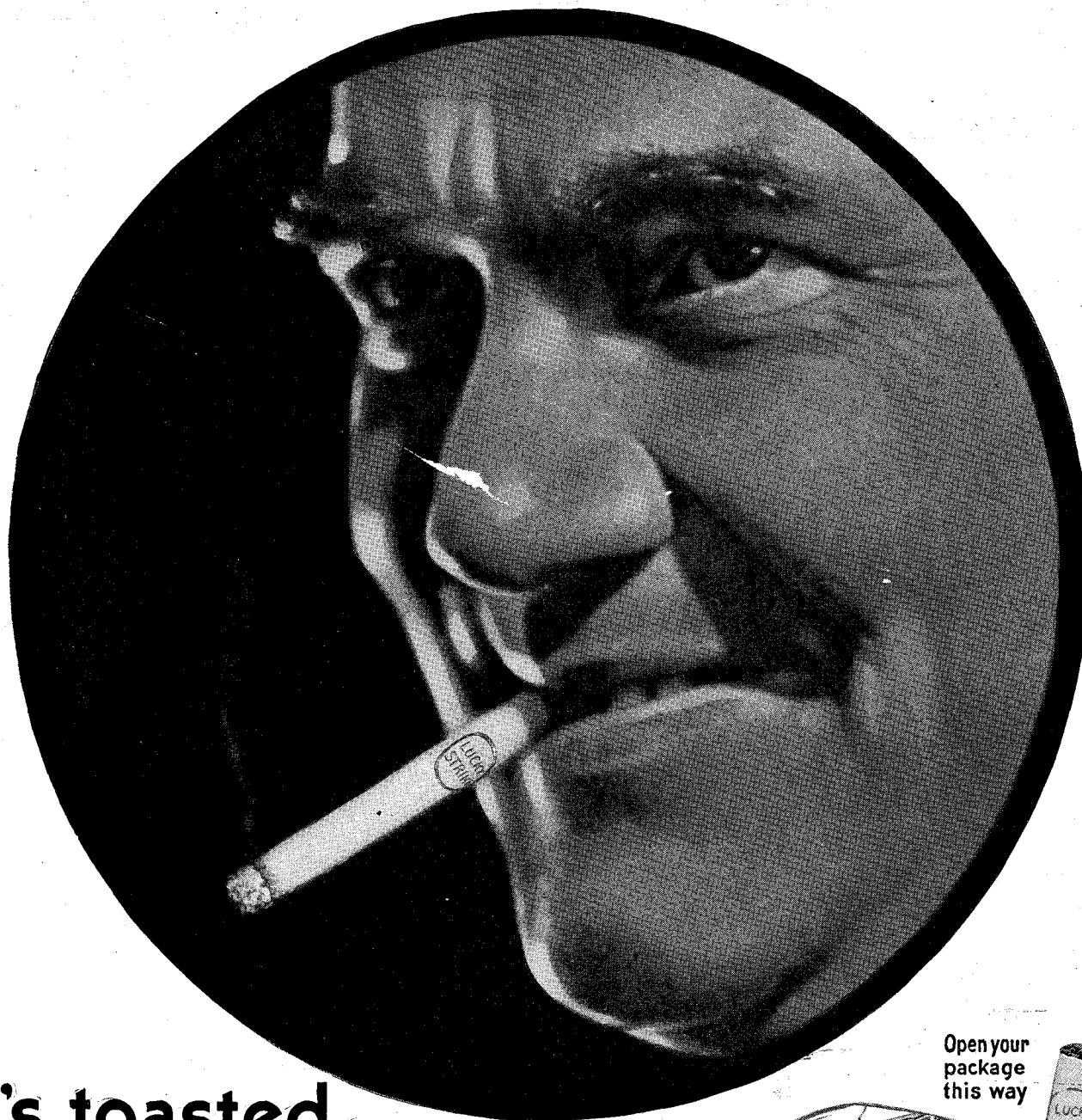
WANTED—To care for three or four young girls 12 to 16 years for July and August in country home in Berkshires. Address "Mugun," Lawrence House, Northampton, Mass.

WANTED—Young women to take nine months' course in nursing. Frances Parker Memorial Home, New Brunswick, N. J.

MISS Guntman, New York shopper, will send anything on approval; services free. References. 309 W. 99th Street.

CHILDREN'S BOARD—Berkshires. Coleridge woman will board little girls June-October. Tutor; modern languages. Excellent food. References exchanged. 6,904, Outlook.

WANTED—Young women to take training as baby nurses at Orange Orphan Home. Salary while training, good position guaranteed on graduating. Apply 197 Harrison St., East Orange, N. J.

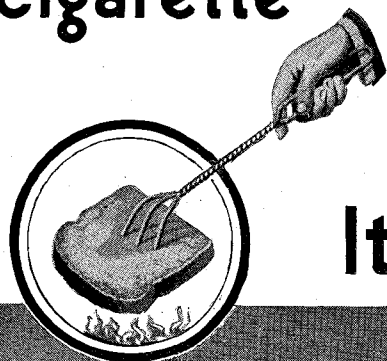


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